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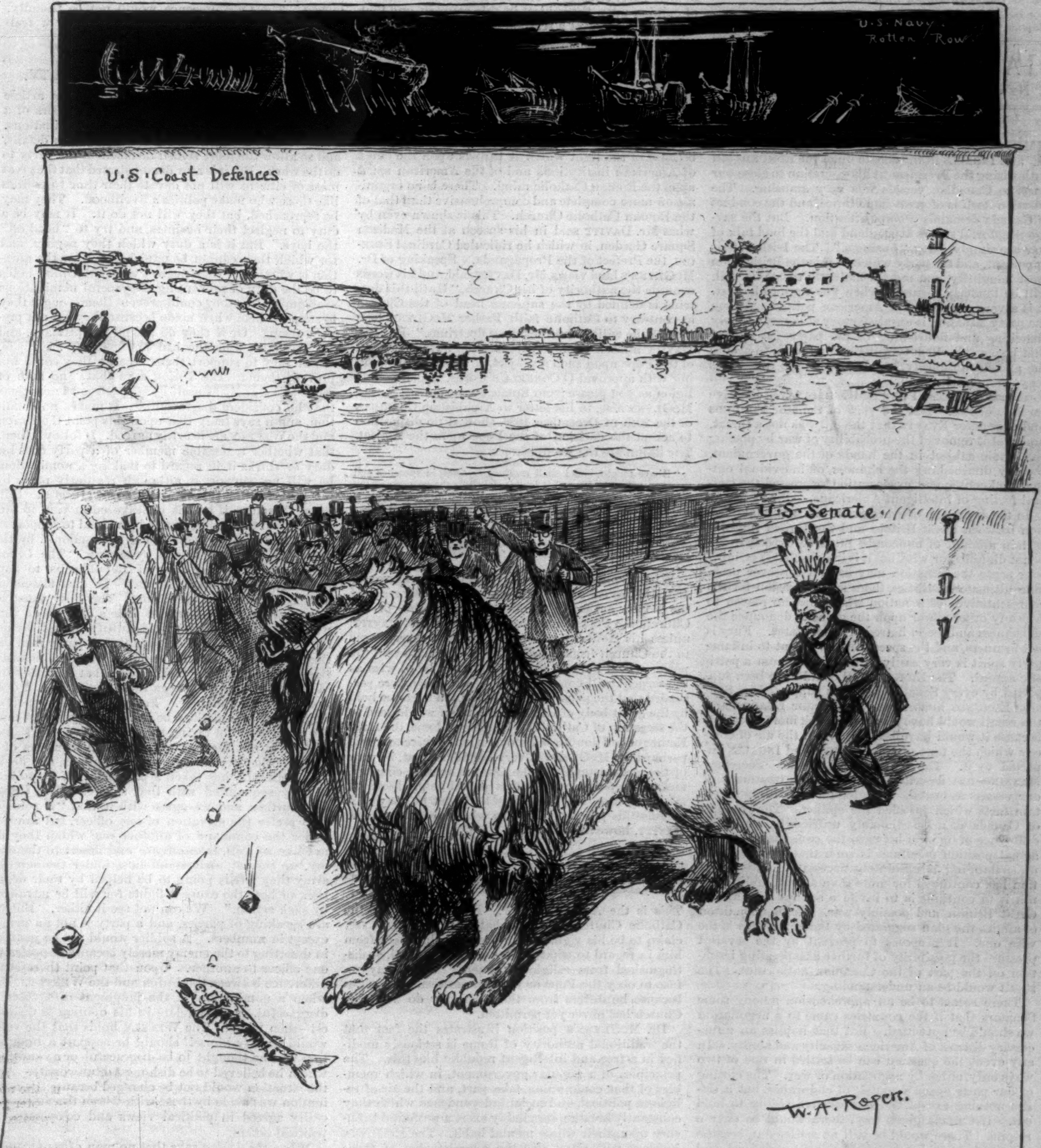
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A QUERY FOR CONGRESS.

ARE WE IN A POSITION TO TWIST THE LION'S TAIL?

"The influence of Harper's Young People is always on the side of what is good. Among its writers are the very best who are devoting their literary talents to the entertainment and instruction of the young."
—*Christian at Work.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

Tobogganing, the national sport of Canada, and now rapidly becoming acclimated in the United States, is the subject of an article by J. Macdonald Oxley *in the current number. It is accompanied by an illustration of the*

TOBOGGAN SLIDE AT TUXEDO PARK,

which is the longest in the world.

In fiction, Mrs. Lillie's *serial story, " The Colonel's Money," is continued ; there is a short story called " Champ," by* Mary E. Vandyne ; *and the first part of a humorous extravaganza, entitled*

THE HURRISHOFFER,

By R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

" Metals at Home" is the title of an article in Mrs. Sophie B. Herrick's *series on Geology, with three illustrations.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, February 5, 1887.

THE DISPUTE WITH CANADA.

THE exceedingly bumptious tone of Senators **Frye** and **Ingalls** in the debate upon the **Edmunds** bill authorizing the President at his discretion to close our ports to Canadian vessels was very amusing. The question itself is of great importance, and the conduct of Canada demands prompt attention. But the savage Senatorial sneers at England and the loud talk of war are simply party "business." The Irish vote is important, and the party which beards the British lion most haughtily, and most truculently twists his tail, will be tenderly regarded when votes are to be cast. It is a very old device of American politics. When the party situation is unsatisfactory at home, a timely clenching and flourishing of the party fist toward that hoary old selfish tyrant England tends to arouse the ancient animosity, in which domestic difficulties may be forgotten, and the party united. The performance of Messrs. **Frye** and **Ingalls** was effective for its purpose. But the view of Senator **Edmunds** and of Senator **Evarts** that the bill was not a threat, and that it removed the probability of war by placing the whole subject in the hands of the government, thereby diminishing the chances of individual outrage and consequent exasperation, expressed the general feeling of intelligent Americans.

In the discussion of every grave international question between Great Britain and the United States a certain amount of buncombe must be expected. It is not dignified or wise, but it is inevitable. Yet, however acute the situation may be, and however probable ultimate hostilities, there is no occasion for the representatives of a nation which has no reason to fear any other power upon the globe to denounce the selfishness and secret hatred of other states. Fury is not firmness, and the speech that is meant to inflame party spirit is very easily distinguished from a patriotic appeal. The **Edmunds** bill could have been supported by every Senator as it was supported by Senator **Edmunds** himself and by Senator **Evarts**, and the result would have been very much more effective, because it would have been free from the air of comedy which the tone of Messrs. **Frye** and **Ingalls** imparted to it. The situation is simple. Secretary **Manning** has described the Canadian treatment of our vessels as brutal. Senator **Frye** mentioned certain facts which justified the epithet. The conduct of Canada is unquestionably unfriendly, while the difference of opinion between the countries as to the actual position of affairs is such that some distinct understanding is absolutely necessary. This situation has continued for more than a year, and to permit it to continue is to invite a serious breach with Great Britain, and possibly war. In this condition of affairs the plan suggested by the committee is the wise one. It proposes to prevent by the severest pressure the possibility of further exasperating irritation on the part of the Canadian authorities. The result would be an understanding.

There seems to be an apprehension among some Senators that if the countries came to a negotiation we should be outwitted. But that implies an unnecessary distrust of American sagacity and ability. In any event the question can be settled in one of two ways only, either by negotiation or war. The closing of our ports opens a contest of endurance, but it settles nothing except the comparative ability to hold out. If Canada gives way, there would be only a respite. There would be still no settlement, because the rights of each side would be still undefined, and Canada could resume her present conduct whenever she was inclined. Negotiation and distinct understanding must be reached by some means and at some time. Senator **Edmunds** seemed to doubt this. Replying to Senator **Ingalls**, he said that his bill meant neither negotiation nor a fight; it meant simply non-intercourse. But non-intercourse is not settlement. It may, indeed, dispose one or the other side to reason. But reason must be brought to practical and enduring results by negotiation. The dispute with Canada must end either in negotiation or a fight, or it must be left unsettled for the present, with the impossibility of any final adjustment except by force or agreement. The **Belmont** bill, which is the Administration or Democratic measure, provides for preventing the transit of Canadian fish by rail across our territory. This is completing the **Edmunds** prohibition. If our ports should be closed to water transport of Canadian fish, the land avenues should be closed also, to make the remedy thorough and effective. British statesmen will see that it is not the intention of this country to tolerate the present treatment of our fishermen by Canadian authorities. They will see also in the firm but temperate tone of Senators **Edmunds** and **Evarts**—and there are no weightier Senatorial voices upon such a subject—that the intention is a final and well-considered purpose, not a piece of mere party strategy. There is no serious difference of opinion upon the subject in this country, and that fact is the augury of a reasonable and peaceful settlement.

THE McGLYNN QUESTION.

THE correspondence between Archbishop **Corrigan** and Dr. **McGlynn** is very significant, not because of the difference of view upon the land question, nor of the extent of ecclesiastical authority, but because of the light which it throws upon the effect of American institutions and of the American spirit upon the Roman Catholic mind. There is no organization more complete and comprehensive than that of the Roman Catholic Church. This is shown even by what Mr. **Davitt** said in his speech at the Madison Square Garden, in which he ridiculed Cardinal **Simeoni**, the Prefect of the Propaganda. Speaking of Dr. **McGlynn**'s land views, Mr. **Davitt** said, and his words concede the authority of his Church, "Until this doctrine is defined by the supreme head of the Church as contrary to Catholic faith, Father **McGlynn** tells me that he will not retract these doctrines." But Mr. **Davitt** himself evidently doubts the authority even of the Pope upon such a subject, as he shows by quoting with approval **O'Connell**'s words, "As much religion as you please from Rome, but no politics." Dr. **McGlynn** also, in his letter to Archbishop **Corrigan** of the 20th of December, 1886, showed no disposition to accept the decision of the Pope upon the subject. The italics are the Archbishop's.

> "I have taught, and I shall *continue to teach*, in speeches and writings, *as long as I live*, that land is rightfully the property of the people in common, and that private ownership of land is *against natural justice, no matter by what civil or ecclesiastical laws it may be sanctioned;* and I would bring about instantly, if I could, such change of laws, all the world over, as would confiscate private property in land, *without one penny of compensation to the miscalled owners.*"

When the infallible head of the Church, however, and Mr. **Davitt** differ upon a question of the scope of the Pope's authority to define the doctrine of the Church, the Pope is not likely to yield to Mr. **Davitt**, unless his Holiness anticipates serious consequences to the Church from the difference. In that event the power which holds it to be essential to be as wise as the serpent will compromise. If the Pope were persuaded that the papal condemnation of a doctrine held by the great body of Catholic Irishmen would lead to the secession of Catholic Ireland from Rome, the Holy Father would doubtless discover a *modus vivendi;* and perhaps Dr. **McGlynn** is very confident that, in view of the circumstances of the Church in this country, and of the possible effect that would be produced by silencing him, the Pope may find that he may still exercise his priestly functions with discretion. Mr. **Davitt**, however, asserts for Dr. **McGlynn** that

> "he claims—and I maintain he justly claims—the right of thinking for himself in political and social matters, and of advocating remedies which in his heart and in his soul he believes to be absolutely essential to the lessening of human suffering in society."

This is the American view. But is it that of the Catholic Church? And what does Dr. **McGlynn** claim to be his rights when the Church differs from him in regard to what are social and political, as distinguished from religious, matters? If he may refuse to obey the Pope or the ecclesiastical authorities because he differs from them, he may do what the Church has never yet permitted.

Dr. **McGlynn**'s position illustrates the fact that the traditional authority of Rome is seriously modified in a free and intelligent republic like this. The principles of a popular government, in which members of that communion take part, and the air of religious, political, and social independence which they constantly breathe, inevitably exert a profound influence upon their whole mental habit. The **McGlynn** incident will allay also the apprehension of those who anticipated serious injury to our institutions from an increase in the membership of the Roman Church. The Rome of to-day is not the Rome of the Middle Ages, which laid England under an interdict. However powerful and however reactionary, it cannot nullify the spirit of the age, nor resist the current of progress and of change. No country is more Catholic, in the Roman sense, than Ireland. No Irishman is a truer representative of his countrymen than **Michael Davitt**. But the words that we have quoted from his speech reveal a spirit which, pushed to the utmost, would defy Rome. The same thing is seen in the devotion of his parishioners to Dr. **McGlynn**. The spirit of their meetings and of their resolutions is American, not Roman. They profess, and doubtless with entire sincerity, the deepest fidelity to their Church. But it is to their Church as they understand it. They have shown no passive obedience, but, on the contrary, flagrant hostility, to their ecclesiastical superior, the Archbishop, who has certainly pursued a mild and conciliatory course in asserting his authority. The whole incident is interesting and significant. If Dr. **McGlynn** should go to Rome, and at the Pope's request or command seal his lips upon the question which seems to him so vital, he would be known still to hold the same views unchanged, and his silence would be a perpetual impeachment of Rome in the minds of his followers. Their acquiescence would not be friendly, and, however unconsciously, the alienation of feeling would continue.

INDEPENDENCE WITHIN THE PARTY.

THE Brooklyn *Union*, in reply to a recent article of the **Weekly**, holds the intelligent members of a party largely responsible for disgraceful nominations, because they fail in their duty of looking after details, and so allow the more selfish members of the party to do the work. But it is now demonstrated that the great mass of citizens will not devote their time to politics like those who make politics a livelihood. They may be reproached, but they will not do it. It may be a duty to neglect their business, and try to "head off" the boys. But it is a duty which they neglect, and for which they cannot be punished. Now the question is whether, if they neglect what the *Union* holds to be the duty of preventing disgraceful nominations—assuming that they could prevent them—ought they to support them when made because they did not prevent them? Or if they do attend the primary, and are outvoted, and the bad nominations are made, ought they to support them because they could not prevent them? The *Union* says that "no man of sense will stultify himself by supporting nominations that he considers disgraceful." It makes no condition, and it says truly that upon this point the *Union* and the **Weekly** are heartily agreed. It follows, then, that whether a sensible member of a party does his duty or shirks it in regard to making a nomination, he will not support it, although regularly made by his party, if he thinks it to be disgraceful. Still more, therefore, if he has endeavored in vain to prevent it, will the *Union* justify his refusal to support it.

But this excellent conclusion is abandoned by the *Union* in the same article by saying, "The *Union* holds that it is the duty of Republicans to support Republican nominations." To this statement also it attaches no condition. The duty must be done always. But how can it be a duty to do that which a man of sense would stultify himself by doing? The *Union*, indeed, says that if party men did their duty, there would be no disgraceful nominations. But in saying that it does what it accuses the **Weekly** of doing—it begs the question, but it does not relieve the difficulty. For how can the support of disgraceful nominations be made by any honest man the penalty of not trying to secure better ones? Besides, it is not the fact that the good members of a party, if they try to control nominations, can do it. Any man who has taken a practical part in politics is fully acquainted with that subject. The *Union* says further, and we agree with it, that "if soldiers who prefer the elevation of one officer, but are put under the command of another one whom they do not like so well, take offence and desert to the enemy, we cannot understand how under the sun the army they left is going to be helped by their desertion, or how the cause it fights for will be advanced by such action." We can not see it either. But we are speaking of parties, and a party is not an army, except in numbers. A soldier would not be justified in deserting to the enemy merely because he preferred one officer to another. Upon that point there is no difference between the *Union* and the **Weekly**. But when a nomination in the judgment of a voter is disgraceful, or a candidate in his opinion is dishonest—then what? The **Weekly** holds that the voter would stultify himself should he support a nomination that he thought to be disgraceful, or a candidate whom he believed to be dishonest or unworthy. And the situation would not be changed because the nomination was made by those with whom the voter generally agreed in political views and co-operated in political action.

When the *Union* says that no man of sense would do this, it seems to us to speak as a patriotic journal; but when it says that if a man of sense does it, he is like a soldier who deserts and treacherously betrays his cause, it speaks as a mere party organ, and without weighing its words. For it is the member of a party who makes and sustains a disgraceful nomination, not he who refuses to support it, who betrays both the party and the cause. If a man regards a party as an agency for honest ends, he will not support dishonest agents, and when the party selects them he will begin to doubt the honest purpose of the party. Parties, we agree with the *Union*, or the organized action of those who have the same objects, are essential to secure results. But parties work through agents, and they show their own trustworthiness by the character of the agents whom they select. The only safe patriotic ground is that which is plainly stated by the *Union*, "No man of sense will stultify himself by supporting nominations that he considers disgraceful."

A SIGNIFICANT WARNING.

THE recent collision at the Chatham Square station of the elevated railroad in New York is not an event to be forgotten, or dismissed by an allusion to the law of averages. It impresses distinctly upon the public mind the fact of a great and constant danger in the city which may at any moment lead to a terrible calamity. It is not the first time that public attention has been drawn to the situation, but it ought to be the last that shall arrest it. It is greatly to the credit of the management of the elevated road system that no startling catastrophe has yet occurred. For several years, at intervals of but a few minutes, all day and almost all night, crowded trains have been passing over the roads, and almost every instance of serious injury or of loss of life has been due to individual carelessness, and not to the neglect of the company. This is a gratifying fact, and it is one of which the public is fully conscious.

But this fact undoubtedly produces a confidence that no serious accident can occur, and that everything connected with safety upon the roads may be safely left without public comment. The one serious mistake in the management of the roads, however, is that which resulted in the collision the other day. At Chatham Square there is a junction of the Second and Third Avenue roads and of the shuttle track to the Brooklyn Bridge and the City Hall. The transfer of passengers at this point is undoubtedly inconvenient. But the situation is simple. There is no way of avoiding the imminent risk of an awful catastrophe at the junction but by the absolute prohibition of trains crossing the tracks. Every train must be kept upon its own track, with no possibility of encountering another train. Whatever inconvenience may result from such an arrangement would be always insignificant, while the probable occasional consequences of any other arrangement are appalling. Nobody can watch the track tenders in the glass tower at the junction, or consider the locomotive drivers, without a sense of their tremendous responsibility, and an equal conviction that it should not be imposed upon any man.

The solution is easy. The passengers and not the trains should cross the tracks. The Third Avenue train should run straight through to the South Ferry, and the Second Avenue and the City Hall trains should be shuttle trains connecting with the Third Avenue train at the square. Then neither upon the upward nor downward track would there be any danger of collision either with the train from the bridge or with the Second Avenue train. This or some similar arrangement is essential, for it is not practicable to lay other tracks below Chatham Square through the streets now occupied by the railroad. It is a subject which the press should not suffer to drop out of the public mind until it is recalled by some catastrophe; and the railroad company should accept the demonstration, fortunately not involving loss of life, that the present arrangement is not safe.

ONE REPUBLICAN VIEW.

AN orginal antislavery Republican who is not a Mugwump writes to a Cincinnati journal deprecating the apparent Republican intention of maintaining the taxes on the necessaries of life and making tobacco and liquor free. This is the policy foreshadowed in a recent interview by Senator CHACE, of Rhode Island, although he does not himself use tobacco, and is a practical prohibitionist. As the correspondent states, the general usage of civilized nations is to seek to relieve the necessaries of life, and to tax liquor and tobacco. He adds that alone among things taxable dear whiskey and tobacco are blessings, because the dearness discourages their use. Free whiskey and tobacco are proposed, however, that a high tariff may be maintained. The writer admits that a vast majority of Republicans, being old Whigs or the descendants of Whigs, are protectionists. But he reminds Republican leaders that "a respectable margin all along the Republican line" are not protectionists, and he calls a parley upon that point.

These Republicans, he says, are not rash or aggressive. They look upon protection as in itself an evil, but an evil so interwoven with our industries that it cannot be removed summarily. They wish to see it put in course of extinction. But they are Republicans, and do not wish to be driven out of the party. Heretofore there has been no distinct issue upon the subject between the parties, and consequently nothing was to be gained by those Republicans in leaving their party. But if the Republican policy is to be the maintenance of protection by cursing the land with free whiskey, the question arises whether such a course may not be fatal to the party. Will it necessarily hold the margin already mentioned? To the loss of Mugwumps shall the party now add the loss of temperance men and revenue reform Republicans? The party was not organized upon the issue of protection, and having adopted that issue, must it not be managed very warily? In a word, is the proposed policy wise for the party?

The writer, having asked this question, proceeds:

> "Let us assume that in the next campaign the Democrats act wisely—and it is not prudent to count on the folly of the enemy; that their better element is in control; that they nominate Mr. CLEVELAND, who has proven himself a safe President, and in his action on the silver question a wise and courageous one; that they put him on a platform favoring a reasonable revenue reform, retaining the liquor and tobacco taxes. Then let us assume that the Republicans nominate a man of uncertain position as to civil service reform, and put him on a platform favoring a high tariff on necessaries and a minimum or no tax on whiskey and tobacco. Under these circumstances is the Republican party likely to recover lost ground and succeed? Can it, indeed, afford to drive out its revenue reformers? Is 'dear clothing and cheap whiskey' a good rallying cry? Did the tariff win in 1844 or 1884? Will it fare better in 1888?

This is worthy of consideration. No man is shrewd enough to know the precise position of parties. One thing only is clear, that there is no single rallying cry on either side for which everything else may be neglected. The great majority of either party may prefer this or that candidate, this or that policy; but that is not enough. The voters are too evenly divided for either party to depend upon its probable majority. It is "the margin" which decides the contest between parties so situated, and the margin may be retained by a reasonable consideration of its views and tendencies. This we understand to be the reasoning of this Republican. The old question whether the minority is to dictate to the majority he would easily answer by saying that in politics that kind of taunt is very silly. The question is whether the majority can get more votes for the party by waiving a preference without abandoning a principle. The mere dull assertion of the power of the majority of the Republican party did not prosper in 1884. The writer whom we have quoted did not oppose it, but he asks substantially whether the same course in 1888 would be necessarily a wise one.

GENEROUS GIFTS.

THE interests of higher education in this country are not likely to suffer from the indifference of those who are able to promote them. Since the year opened Harvard has received a gift of $400,000; Mr. JONAS GILMAN CLARK, of Worcester, Massachusetts, has given $1,000,000 to found a university in that city; Mr. HIRAM SIBLEY has added to his previous munificent gifts to Cornell the sum of a quarter of a million of dollars; and ex-President WHITE, of Cornell, has enriched the university, which will be his monument as well as that of its wise and generous founder, by the gift of his library.

The WHITE library, like that of GOLDWIN SMITH, which that eminent scholar presented to Cornell some years since, is one of the most valuable historical collections in the country, and in some respects unequalled. It has been accumulated by President WHITE himself during the last thirty-five years, and contains about 30,000 volumes, with 10,000 valuable pamphlets, and not a few important manuscripts. It has cost more than a hundred thousand dollars in money, and its careful selection has excluded the mere lumber which encumbers many collections.

By historical library we do not mean merely works of history proper, but those which, besides these, illustrate history. The historian is not a literal annalist, but a scholar, and to know events and dates only is not to know history. The gift to Cornell is very great, and largely increases the attractions and advantages of the university, which, unlike most of our colleges, had a Minerva birth. Its good fortune still attends it. The administration of President ADAMS, the successor of President WHITE, is most vigorous and satisfactory, and amply justifies President WHITE'S anticipations. Cornell ranks already among the great schools of the country, and is one of the chief illustrations of a university founded and directed in the modern spirit.

A CHEERING REPORT.

THE fourth annual report of the Civil Service Commission of New York has just been submitted to the Governor. It is very fortunate that the law was put into operation in this State under the auspices of a Commission of such sincere, able, and devoted friends of the reformed system. Their appointment was one of the good services of Governor CLEVELAND, and they had the benefit in organizing their work of the experience and intelligence of Colonel BURT. The reformed system in the State and the cities of the State is now established. It embraces altogether nearly 16,000 persons, and its faithful enforcement in the State service is guaranteed by the character of the Commission and of the Chief Examiner, Mr. MORRISON.

As to the value of the reformed system in cities the reports of the Mayors leave no doubt whatever. There was never a reform in methods of administration which more ludicrously and completely confounded the objections made to it in advance, and nothing is more completely established than the benefit to the public service introduced by the reform. It is as yet limited in its scope. But its excellent operation within its range is the conclusive argument for extending the range.

The Commission emphasizes in this report, as in previous reports, the relation of the common school to an efficient civil service. Of the whole number of persons examined in the State nearly seventy-two per cent. were educated only in the public schools. In the national service the proportion was eighty-two per cent. In Brooklyn, of 445 who were found eligible for appointments, 391 had been educated only in the public schools; and in Massachusetts ninety-eight per cent. of those examined in the first year had received only a public-school education. These facts rout in the most amusing way the assertion that reform is a scheme to help shiftless college graduates to a living, although it was never made clear why shiftless political bummers and parasites of politicians should be more efficient than shiftless graduates. The Commission call attention very forcibly to the increasing use of money at elections as a threatening evil, and in the case of judicial positions an evil which corrodes the foundations of orderly society, and the report suggests that an absolute prohibition of assessments and expenditures in the case of the Judges might be a salutary check to the abuse. The report is an important state paper, and a striking illustration of the prosperous progress of reform.

PERSONAL.

SEVENTEEN years ago the Rev. Dr. W. H. FURNESS, in an address before the American Institute of Architects, lamented that architects were confounded with simple builders and mechanics, the public having little faith that they were striving to realize high and beautiful ideas, or were actuated by motives other than those of the money-seeking classes. All this has been changed in the present brilliant epoch of American architecture, when even the public recognizes the architect as an artist of the first rank.

—The President has done another excellent thing for our diplomatic service by nominating to be Secretary of Legation at Mexico Mr. THOMAS B. CONNERY, for many years managing editor of the New York *Herald*. Mr. CONNERY has the confidence of the best men who know him, and is fitted for the post by experience and natural gifts.

—General CHARLES P. STONE, whose portrait appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY November 6, 1886, was a soldier of distinction in the armies of the United States and Egypt, a civil engineer of admirable training and equipment, as seen in his superintendence of the construction of the pedestal of the statue of Liberty, and a cultivated gentleman. He died of pneumonia in New York city.

—Mr. THEODORE CHILD professes to know from excellent authority that the whole story of the painter MILLET'S misery has been much exaggerated by his biographer, SENSIER, "whose desire to go down to posterity as the good genius of MILLET has led him throughout to paint in too dismal colors the pretended martyrdom of his hero." Mr. CHILD hopes one of these days to have an opportunity of rectifying this legendary biography of MILLET.

—Mr. HENRY M. STANLEY testifies that the late Dr. LIVINGSTONE was a total abstainer from intoxicating beverages during his residence in Africa, and that he himself, during three and a half years in that hot land, did not drink ten tablespoonfuls of spirituous liquors, and was nine months in the wildest parts of equatorial Africa without a symptom of disease.

—Senator HAWLEY, on entering the Senate recently, found on his desk a beautiful floral design, consisting of the Connecticut coat of arms, surmounted by a real American eagle bearing in his beak a streamer of American colors. A card attached to the piece was inscribed: "Soldier, Statesman, Senator JOSEPH HAWLEY. From Connecticut friends resident at the national capital."

—Mrs. CLEVELAND'S presence at the great Charity Ball in Baltimore was the most noted social event of the season, and caused hundreds of dollars to flow into the exchequer of the managers. In a city famous for beautiful women she was pronounced the most beautiful of all, and everybody was charmed by her frankness and unaffected brightness of manner.

—Mr. H. RIDER HAGGARD calls *She* a "history of adventure," but, says the *Tribune*, it is clearly more than that. It belongs unmistakably in the category of occult romance. The central figure in it is a marvellously beautiful woman who has found the secret of perpetual life, and has lived through two thousand years, secluding herself in Africa, while awaiting, with a constancy as wonderful as her beauty, the reincarnation of a lover whom she had slain in a fit of jealousy. It has the merit of being altogether out of the beaten track. It is a work of the imagination.

—The following card explains itself: "Walnut & 22nd Sts. Phila., Jan. 20th, 1887. Mr. GEO. W. CHILDS gratefully appreciates your friendly inquiries and messages received since his accident of the 6th instant; he expresses his warm thanks for this kindly interest, and begs to say that while he feels quite recovered, his physician thinks it advisable for him to remain at home and abstain from business and correspondence for some days yet."

—Father DAMIEN, the priest who has had charge for many years of the leper hospital at Molokai, on the Hawaiian Islands, last year contracted the dreadful disease. His fate has not deterred others from encountering the same risks, and recently two priests from Paris and two nuns from the Franciscan convent in Syracuse, New York, have set out for Honolulu to engage in caring for these unfortunates.

—The remarkable recovery of a patient in Oakland, California, from the effects of a wound in the abdomen encourages the physicians to hope that important observations of the processes of digestion may be made. The opening of the wound is much larger than that in the case of ALEXANDER MARTIN, the Canadian, who furnished the material for some knowledge of the laws of digestion.

—A Connecticut lady, Mrs. N. S. MOORE, is translating *Ben Hur* into Swedish.

—Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL will deliver an oration on "Our Politics" in Chicago on Washington's Birthday, under the auspices of the Union League Club of that city, a social and political organization which numbers among its members the best people of the Garden City, and has the finest club-house there.

—Mr. PRESTON, of the United States Coast Survey, has started to undertake astronomical work in connection with the survey of the Hawaiian Islands. It is expected that the *Thetis*, now fitting out at New York, will be detailed for the survey of the Pacific Ocean surrounding the Sandwich Islands. The present charts are defective, and the great growth of the trade of the islands with this country demands a new survey.

—The Rev. ARTHUR SWAZEY, whose death from apoplexy occurred in Chicago last week, was an enthusiastic student of astronomy, and made valuable discoveries with the telescope which for years was a feature of his residence. His last public appearance occurred only a week previous to his death, when he officiated at the funeral of his friend and neighbor, who had fallen dead from apoplexy. On reaching his home Dr. SWAZEY was attacked in precisely the same manner.

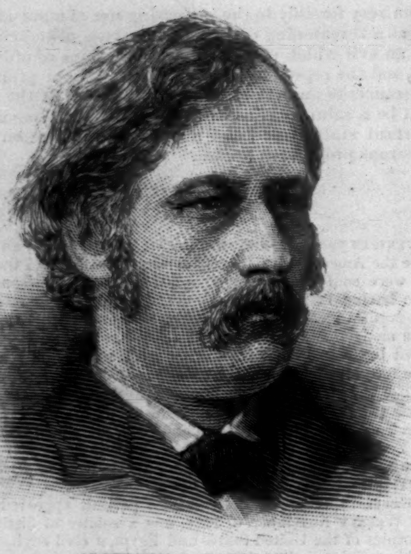
—Mr. ALEXANDER F. HARRISON, the American painter, has recently returned to Paris after settling in Philadelphia the estate of his father, who died at sea last autumn. The property is understood to be sufficient to allow Mr. HARRISON and his brother, BERGE HARRISON, to devote themselves to their art, independently of the necessity of paying attention to "pot-boilers."

—Mr. W. A. HOPKINS, the successful American owner of that thriving little paper the Paris *Matin*, recently visited Philadelphia, where his wife, a daughter of the late Mr. JAYNE, formerly resided.

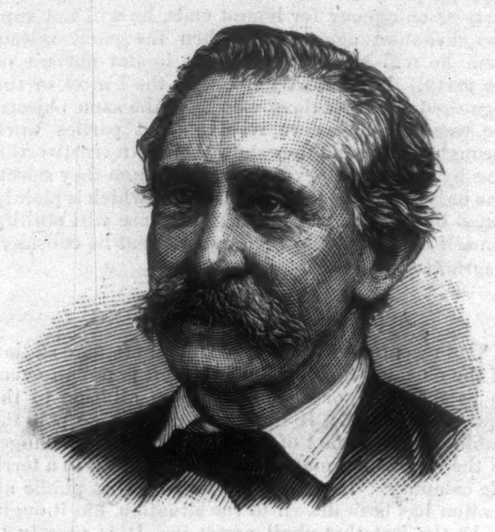
—One of the men who have been most instrumental in developing the resources of California is JAMES BEN ALI HAGGIN, a Kentuckian, whose maternal grandfather was a Christian Turk, forced to leave his native land because of his change of religion. Mr. HAGGIN owns many thousand acres in Kern County which he has reclaimed from sage-brush desert by scientific irrigation. He has tried various experiments, such as the culture of cotton, sorghum, Egyptian corn, etc., which have been of great value to California farmers. He is many times a millionaire, and lives in a huge mansion of seventy-five rooms, overlooking the harbor of San Francisco.

THE NEW SENATOR FROM NEBRASKA.

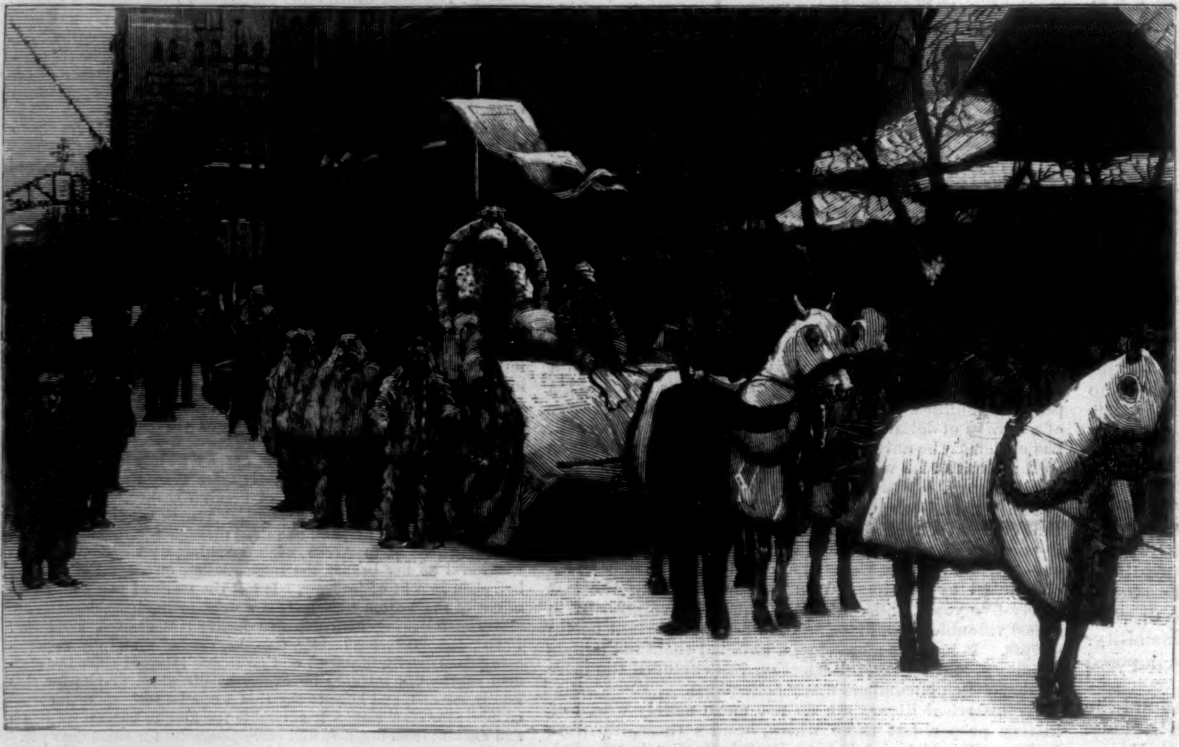
Algernon S. Paddock succeeds C. H. **Van Wyck** as United States Senator from Nebraska. He was nominated in the Republican caucus of the Nebraska Legislature, after a very exciting contest. The struggle between Messrs. **Paddock** and **Van Wyck** is an old one, and the present election is a counterpart of that of six years ago, with the difference only that the victory has changed sides. Mr. **Paddock** was Mr. **Van Wyck**'s predecessor in the Senate, and it was after a very bitter struggle that Mr. **Van Wyck** succeeded in ousting him. Ever since that time it is understood that Mr. **Paddock** has kept in mind the idea of the victory which he has just accomplished. The followers of the rival candidates were known respectively as the Stalwarts and the Van-Wyckers. They began a united caucus at two o'clock in the morning of January 21, and two and one-half hours later, on the fifteenth ballot, Mr. **Paddock**'s victory was won. Mr. **Paddock** was born at Glens Falls, in this State, fifty-seven years ago. His education was obtained at the Glens Falls Academy and at Union College. He studied law, and became a member of the bar. In 1857 he removed to Omaha, and since that time he has been active and prominent in Nebraska politics. He has always been a zealous Republican. In 1861 he was appointed Secretary of the Territory by President **Lincoln**, and he held that office, performing the duties of Governor much of the time, until the admission of Nebraska as a State in 1867. In 1868 he was appointed Governor of Wyoming, but declined the appointment. In 1875 he was almost unanimously elected to succeed **Thomas W. Tipton** in the United States Senate. He served the full term, and stood for re-election in 1881, but was then beaten by Mr. **Van Wyck**, as said. After his retirement from the Senate, Mr. **Paddock** was appointed Secretary of the Utah Commission—a post which he resigned recently.



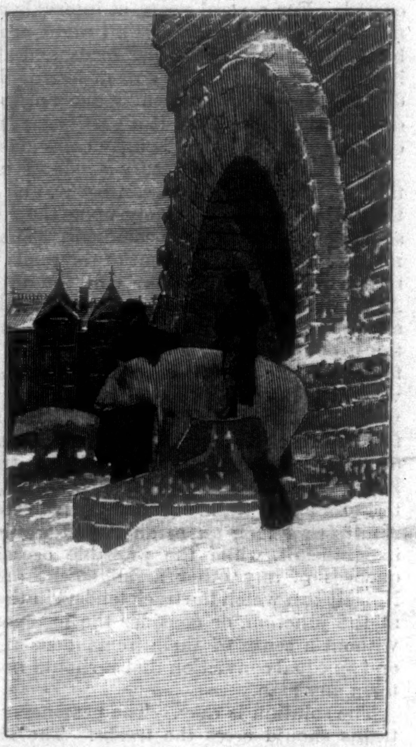
ALGERNON S. PADDOCK.
Photographed by Brady, Washington.



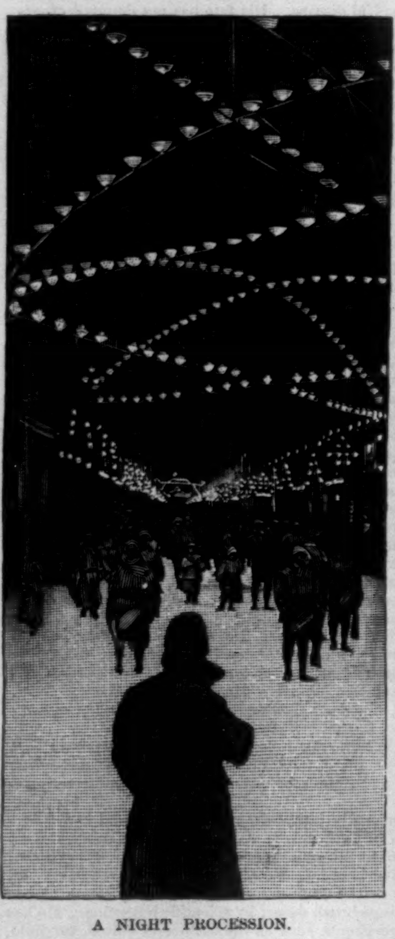
WILLIAM B. BATE.
Photographed by Schleir, Nashville, Tennessee.—[See Page 99.]



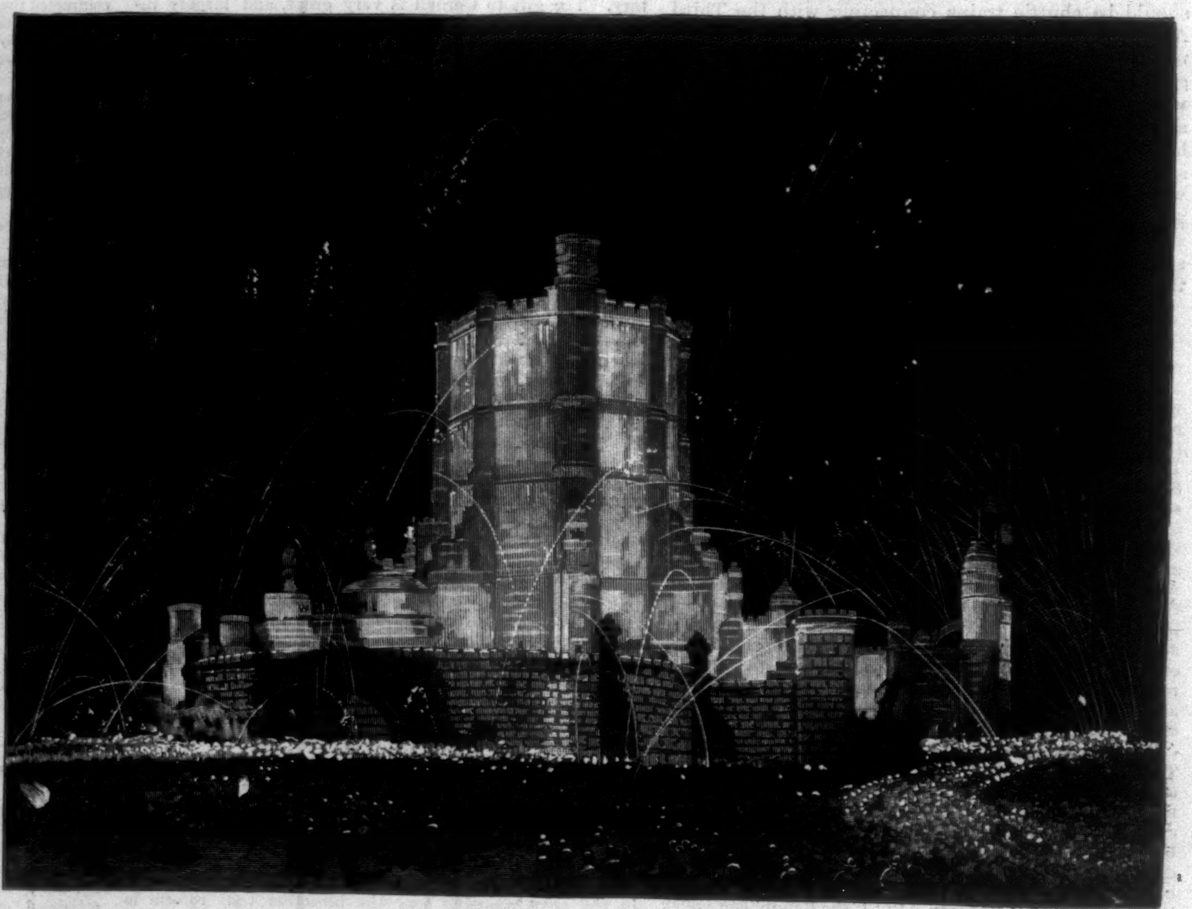
PROCESSION OF THE ICE KING.



ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE.

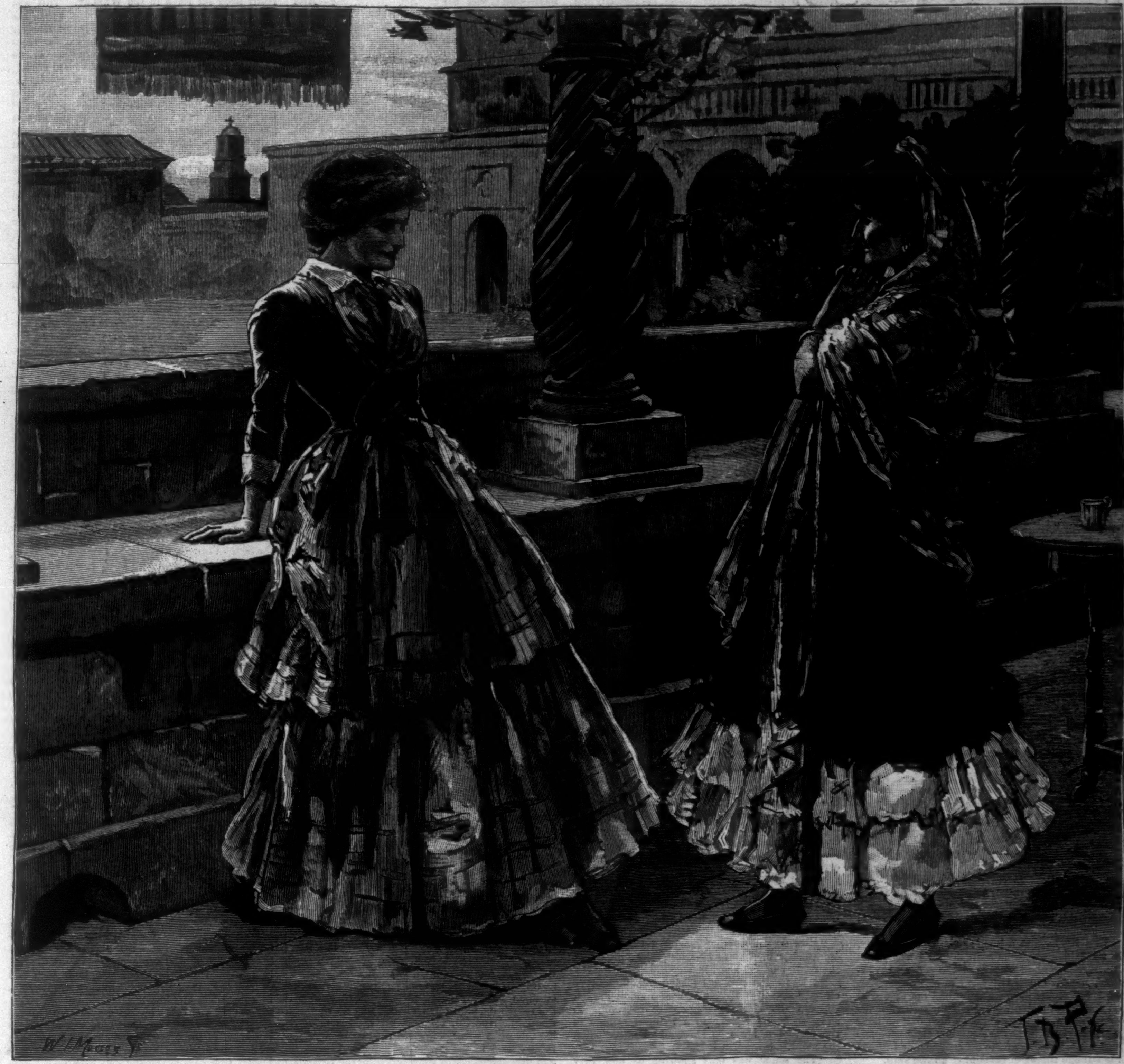


A NIGHT PROCESSION.



STORMING OF THE ICE PALACE.

THE ICE CARNIVAL AT ST. PAUL.—Photographed by Ingersoll, St. Paul.—[See Page 94.]



"'DOÑA LEONOR—SO; THAT IS GOOD,' SAID DOÑA ISABEL, CLAPPING HER HANDS LIKE A CHILD."

THE CRUSADE OF THE "EXCELSIOR."*

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER V.

IT was evident that the two strangers represented some exalted military and ecclesiastical authority. This was shown in their dress—a long-forgotten, half-mediæval costume, that to the imaginative spectator was perfectly in keeping with their mysterious advent, and to the more practical as startling as a masquerade. The foremost figure wore a broad-brimmed hat of soft felt, with tarnished gold-lace, and a dark feather tucked in its recurved flap; a short cloak of fine black cloth thrown over one shoulder left a buff leathern jacket and breeches, ornamented with large round silver buttons, exposed until they were met by high boots of untanned yellow buckskin that reached half-way up the thigh. A broad baldric of green silk hung from his shoulder across his breast, and supported at his side a long sword with an enormous basket hilt, through which, somewhat coquettishly, peeped a white lace handkerchief. Tall and erect, in spite of the grizzled hair and iron-gray mustaches and wrinkled face of a man of sixty, he suddenly halted on the deck with a military precision that made the jingling chains and bits of silver on his enormous spurs ring again. He was followed by an ecclesiastic of apparently his own age, but smoothly shaven, clad in a black silk *sotana* and sash, and wearing the old-fashioned oblong, curled-brimmed hat sacred to Don Basilio of the modern opera. Behind him appeared the genial face of Señor Perkins, shining with the benignant courtesy of a master of ceremonies.

"If this is a fair sample of the circus ashore, I'll take two tickets," whispered Crosby, who had recovered his audacity.

"I have the inexpressible honor," said Señor Perkins to Captain Bunker, with a gracious wave of his hand toward the extraordinary figures, "to present you to the illustrious Don Miguel Briones, Comandante of the Presidio of Todos Santos, at present hidden in the fog, and the very reverend and pious Padre Esteban, of the Mission of Todos Santos, likewise invisible. When I state to you," he continued, with a slight lifting of his voice, so as to include the curious passengers in his explanation, "that, with very few exceptions, this is the usual condition of the atmosphere at the entrance to the Mission and Presidio of Todos Santos, and that the last exception took place thirty-five years ago, when a ship entered the harbor, you will understand why these distinguished gentlemen have been willing to waive the formality of your waiting upon them first, and have taken the initiative. The illustrious Comandante has been generous enough to exempt you from the usual port regulations, and to permit you to wood and to water—"

"What port regulation is he talking of?" asked Captain Bunker, testily.

"The Mexican regulations forbidding any foreign vessel to communicate with the shore," returned Señor Perkins, deprecatingly.

"Never heard of 'em. When were they given?"

The señor turned and addressed a few words to the Commander, who stood apart in silent dignity.

"In 1792."

"In what?....Is he mad?" said Bunker. "Does he know what year this is?"

"The illustrious Commander believes it to be the year of grace 1854," answered Señor Perkins, quietly. "In the case of the only two vessels which have touched here since 1792 the order was not carried out, because they were Mexican coasters. The illustrious Comandante explains that the order he speaks of, as on record, distinctly referred to the ship *Columbia*, which belonged to the General Washington."

"General Washington!" echoed Bunker, angrily, staring at the señor. "What's this stuff? Do you mean to say they don't know any history later than our old Revolutionary war? Haven't they heard of the United States among them? Nor California—that we took from them during the late war?"

"Nor how we licked 'em out of their boots; and that's saying a good deal," whispered Crosby, glancing at the Comandante's feet.

Señor Perkins raised a gentle, deprecating hand. "For fifty years the Presidio and the Mission of Todos Santos have had but this communication with the outer world," he said, blandly. "Hidden by impenetrable fogs from the ocean pathway at their door, cut off by burning and sterile deserts from the surrounding country, they have preserved a trust and propagated a faith in enforced but not unhappy seclusion. The wars that have shaken mankind, the dissensions that have even disturbed the serenity of their own nation on the mainland, have never reached them here. Left to themselves, they have created a blameless Arcadia and an ideal community within an extent of twenty square leagues. Why should we disturb their innocent complacency and tranquil enjoyment by information which cannot increase and might impair their present felicity? Why should we dwell upon a late political and international episode which, while it has been a benefit to us, has been a humiliation to them as a nation, and which might not only imperil our position as guests, but interrupt our practical relations to the wood and water with which the country abounds?"

He paused, and, before the captain could speak, turned to the silent Commander, addressed him in a dozen phrases of fluent and courteous Spanish, and once more turned to Captain Bunker. "I have told him you are touched to the heart with his courtesy, which you recognize as coming from the fit representative of the great Mexican nation. He reciprocates your fraternal emotion, and begs you to consider the Presidio and all that it contains at your disposition and the disposition of your friends—the passengers, particularly those fair ladies," said Señor Perkins, turning with graceful promptitude toward the group of lady passengers, and slightly elevating himself on the tips of his neat boots, "whose white hands he kisses, and at whose feet he lays the devotion of a Mexican caballero and officer."

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* Begun in No. 1568.—(Copyright, 1886, by BRET HARTE.)

He waved his hand toward the Comandante, who, stepping forward, swept the deck with his plumed hat before each of the ladies in solemn succession. Recovering himself, he bowed more stiffly to the male passengers, picked his handkerchief out of the hilt of his sword, gracefully wiped his lips, pulled the end of his long gray mustache, and became again rigid.

"The reverend father," continued Señor Perkins, turning toward the priest, "regrets that the rules of his order prevent his extending the same courtesy to these ladies at the Mission. But he hopes to meet them at the Presidio, and they will avail themselves of his aid and counsel there and everywhere."

Father Esteban, following the speaker's words with a gracious and ready smile, at once moved forward among the passengers, offering an antique snuff-box to the gentlemen, or passing before the ladies with slightly uplifted benedictory palms and a caressing paternal gesture. Mrs. Brimmer, having essayed a French sentence, was delighted and half frightened to receive a response from the ecclesiastic, and speedily monopolized him until he was summoned by the Commander to the returning boat.

"A most accomplished man, my dear," said Mrs. Brimmer, as the *Excelsior's* cannon again thundered after the retiring oars, "like all of his order. He says, although Don Miguel does not speak French, that his secretary does; and we shall have no difficulty in making ourselves understood."

"Then you really intend to go ashore?" said Miss Keene, timidly.

"Decidedly," returned Mrs. Brimmer, potentially. "It would be most unpolite, not to say insulting, if we did not accept the invitation. You have no idea of the strictness of Spanish etiquette. Besides, he may have heard of Mr. Brimmer."

"As his last information was only up to 1792, he might have forgotten it," said Crosby, gravely. "So perhaps it would be safer to go on the general invitation."

"As Mr. Brimmer's ancestors came over on the *Mayflower*, long before 1792, it doesn't seem so very impossible, if it comes to that," said Mrs. Brimmer, with her usual unanswerable naïveté; "provided always that you are not joking, Mr. Crosby. One never knows when you are serious."

"Mrs. Brimmer is quite right; we must all go. This is no mere formality," said Señor Perkins, who had returned to the ladies. "Indeed, I have myself promised the Comandante to bring *you*"—he turned toward Miss Keene—"if you will permit Mrs. Markham and myself to act as your escort. It was Don Miguel's express request."

A slight flush of pride suffused the cheek of the young girl, but the next moment she turned diffidently toward Mrs. Brimmer. "We must all go together," she said; "shall we not?"

"You see your triumphs have begun already," said Brace, with a nervous smile. "You need no longer laugh at me for predicting your fate in San Francisco."

Miss Keene cast a hurried glance around her, in the faint hope—she scarcely knew why—that Mr. Hurlstone had overheard the señor's invitation; nor could she tell why she was disappointed at not seeing him. But he had not appeared on deck during the presence of their strange visitors; nor was he in the boat which half an hour later conveyed her to the shore. He must have either gone in one of the other boats, or fulfilled his strange threat of remaining on the ship.

The boats pulled away together toward the invisible shore, piloted by Captain Bunker, the first officer, and Señor Perkins in the foremost boat. It had grown warmer, and the fog that stole softly over them touched their faces with the tenderness of caressing fingers. Miss Keene, wrapped up in the stern-sheets of the boat, gave way to the dreamy influence of this weird procession through the water, retaining only perception enough to be conscious of the singular illusions of the mist that alternately thickened and lightened before their bow. At times it seemed as if they were driving full upon a vast pier or breakwater of cold gray granite that, opening to let the foremost boat pass, closed again before them; at times it seemed as if they had diverged from their course and were once more upon the open sea, the horizon a far-off line of vanishing color; at times faint lights seemed to pierce the gathering darkness, or to move like will-o'-wisps across the smooth surface, when suddenly the keel grated on the sand. A narrow but perfectly well-defined strip of palpable strand appeared before them; they could faintly discern the moving lower limbs of figures whose bodies were still hidden in the mist; then they were lifted from the boats. The first few steps on dry land carried them out of the fog, that seemed to rise like a sloping roof from the water's edge, leaving them under its canopy in the full light of actual torches held by a group of picturesquely dressed people, before the vista of a faintly lit, narrow, ascending street. The dim twilight of the closing day lingered under this roof of fog, which seemed to hang scarcely a hundred feet above them, and showed a wall or rampart of brown adobe on their right that extended nearly to the water; to the left, at the distance of a few hundred yards, another low brown wall appeared; above it rose a fringe of foliage, and, more distant and indistinct, two white towers that were lost in the nebulous gray.

One of the figures dressed in green jackets, who seemed to be in authority, now advanced, and after a moment's parley with Señor Perkins, while the *Excelsior's* passengers were being collected from the different boats, courteously led the way along the wall of the fortification. Presently a low opening or gateway appeared, followed by the challenge of a green-jacketed sentry, and the sentence, "Dios y Libertad." It was repeated in the interior of a dusky court-yard, surrounded by a low corridor, where a dozen green-jacketed men of aboriginal type and complexion, carrying antique flint-locks, were drawn up as a guard of honor.

"The Comandante," said Señor Perkins, "directs me to extend his apologies to the Señor Capitano Bunker for withholding the salute which is due alike to his country, himself, and his fair company; but fifty years of uninterrupted peace and fog have left his cannon inadequate to polite emergencies, and firmly fixed the tampion of his saluting gun. But he places the Presidio at your disposition; you will be pleased to make its acquaintance while it is still light, and he will await you in the guard-room."

Left to themselves, the party dispersed like dismissed school-children through the court-yard and corridors, and in the enjoyment of their release from a month's confinement on shipboard, stretched their cramped limbs over the ditches, walls, and parapets, to the edge of the glacis.

Everywhere a ruin that was picturesque, a decay that was refined and gentle, a neglect that was graceful, met the eye; the sharp exterior and re-entering angles were softly rounded and obliterated by overgrowths of semi-tropical creepers; the abatis was filled by a natural brake of scrub-oak and manzanita; the clematis flung its long scaling-ladders over the escarpment, until nature, slowly but surely investing the doomed fortress, had lifted a victorious banner of palm from the conquered summit of the citadel! Some strange convulsions of the earth had completed the victory; the barbette guns, of carved and antique bronze commemorating fruitless and long-forgotten triumphs, were dismounted; one, turned in the cheeks of its carriage had a trunnion raised piteously in the air like an amputated stump; another, sinking through its rotting chasses, had buried itself to its chase in the crumbling adobe wall. But above and beyond this gentle chaos of defence stretched the real ramparts and escarpments of Todos Santos—the impenetrable and unassailable fog! Corroding its brass and iron with saline breath, rotting its wood with unending shadow, sapping its adobe walls with perpetual moisture, and nourishing the obliterating vegetation with its quickening blood, as if laughing to scorn the puny embattlements of men—it still bent around the crumbling ruins the tender grace of an invisible but all-encompassing arm.

Señor Perkins, who had acted as cicerone to the party, pointed out these various mutations with no change from his usual optimism. "Protected by their peculiar isolation during the late war, there was no necessity for any real fortification of the place. Nevertheless, it affords some occupation and position for our kind friend Don Miguel, and so serves a beneficial purpose. This little gun," he continued, stopping to attentively examine a small but beautifully carved bronze six-pounder, which showed indications of better care than the others, "seems to be the saluting gun Don Miguel spoke of. For the last fifty years it has spoken only the language of politeness and courtesy, and yet through want of care the tampion, as you see, has become swollen and choked in its mouth."

"How true in a larger sense," murmured Mrs. Markham, "the habit of courtesy alone preserves the fluency of the heart!"

"I know you two are saying something very clever," said Mrs. Brimmer, whose small French slippers and silk stockings were beginning to show their inadequacy to a twilight ramble in the fog, "but I am so slow, and I never catch the point. Do repeat it slowly."

"The señor was only showing us how they managed to shut up a smooth bore in this country," said Crosby, gravely. "I wonder when we're going to have dinner? I suppose old Don Quixote will trot out some of his señoritas. I want to see some of those choir girls that sang so stunningly awhile ago."

"I suppose you mean the boys—for they're all boys in the Catholic choirs—but then, perhaps you are joking again. Do tell me if you are, for this is really amusing. I may laugh—mayn't I?" As the discomfited humorist fell again to the rear amidst the laughter of the others, Mrs. Brimmer continued naïvely to Señor Perkins: "Of course, as Don Miguel is a widower, there must be daughters or sisters-in-law who will meet us. Why, the priest, you know—even he—must have nieces. Really, it's a serious question—if we are to accept his hospitality in a social way. Why don't you ask *him?*" she said, pointing to the green-jacketed subaltern who was accompanying them.

Señor Perkins looked half embarrassed. "Repeat your question, my dear lady, and I will translate it."

"Ask him if there are any women at the Presidio."

Señor Perkins drew the subaltern aside. Presently he turned to Mrs. Brimmer. "He says there are four: the wife of the baker, the wife of the saddler, the daughter of the trumpeter, and the niece of the cook."

"Good heavens! we can't meet *them*," said Mrs. Brimmer.

Señor Perkins hesitated. "Perhaps I ought to have told you," he said, blandly, "that the old Spanish notions of etiquette are very strict. The wives of the officials and higher classes do not meet strangers on a first visit unless they are well known."

"That isn't it," said Winslow, joining them, excitedly. "I've heard the whole story. It's a good joke. Banks has been bragging about us all, and saying that these ladies had husbands who were great merchants, and as these chaps consider that all trade is vulgar, you know, they believe we are not fit to associate with their women—don't you see? All, except one—Miss Keene. She's considered all right. She's to be introduced to the Commander's women and to the sister of the Alcalde."

"She will do nothing of the kind," said Miss Keene, indignantly. "If these ladies are not to be received with me, we'll all go back to the ship together."

She spoke with a quick and perfectly unexpected resolution and independence, so foreign to her usual child-like half-dependent character that her hearers were astounded. Señor Perkins gazed at her thoughtfully; Brace, Crosby, and Winslow, admiringly; her sister passengers with doubt and apprehension. "There must be some mistake," said Señor Perkins, gently. "I will inquire."

He was absent but a few moments. When he returned, his face was beaming. "It's a ridiculous misapprehension. Our practical friend Banks, in his zealous attempts to impress the Comandante's secretary, who knows a little English, with the importance of Mr. Brimmer's position as a large commission merchant, has, I fear, conveyed only the idea that he was a kind of pawnbroker; while Mr. Markham's trade in hides has established him as a tanner; and Mr. Banks's own flour speculations, of which he is justly proud, have been misinterpreted by him as the work of a successful baker!"

"And what idea did he convey about *you*," asked Crosby, audaciously; "it might be interesting to us to know, for our own satisfaction."

"I fear they did not do me the honor to inquire," replied Señor Perkins, with imperturbable good-humor. "There are some persons, you know, who carry all their worldly possessions palpably about with them. I am one of them. Call me a citizen of the world, with a strong leniency toward young and struggling nationalities; a traveller, at home anywhere; a delighted observer of all things, an admirer of brave men, the devoted slave of charming women—and you have, in one word, a passenger of the good ship *Excelsior*."

For the first time, Miss Keene noticed a slight irony in Señor Perkins's superabundant fluency, and that he did not conceal his preoccupation over the silent saluting gun he was still admiring. The approach of Don Miguel and Padre Esteban with a small bevy of ladies, however, quickly changed her thoughts, and detached the señor from her side. Her first swift feminine impression of the fair strangers was that they were plain and dowdy, an impression fully shared by the other lady passengers. But her second observation, that they were more gentle, fascinating, child-like, and feminine than her own countrywomen, was purely her own. Their loose, undulating figures, guiltless of stays; their extravagance of short, white, heavily flounced skirt, which looked like a petticoat; their lightly wrapped, formless, and hooded shoulders and heads, lent a suggestion of dishabille that Mrs. Brimmer at once resented. "They might, at least, have dressed themselves," she whispered to Mrs. Markham.

"I really believe," returned Mrs. Markham, "they've got no bodices on!"

The introductions over, a polyglot conversation ensued in French by the Padre and Mrs. Brimmer, and in broken English by Miss Chubb, Miss Keene, and the other passengers with the Commander's secretary, varied by occasional scraps of college Latin from Mr. Crosby, the whole aided by occasional appeals to Señor Perkins. The darkness increasing, the party re-entered the court-yard, and passing through the low-studded guard-room, entered another corridor, which looked upon a second court, enclosed on three sides, the fourth opening upon a broad plaza, evidently the public resort of the little town. Encompassing this open space, a few red-tiled roofs could be faintly seen in the gathering gloom. Chocolate and thin spiced cakes were served in the veranda, pending the preparations for a more formal banquet. Already Miss Keene had been singled out from her companions for the special attentions of her hosts, male and female, to her embarrassment and confusion. Already Doña Isabel, the sister of the Alcalde, had drawn her aside, and, with caressing frankness, had begun to question her in broken English.

"But Miss Keene is no name. The Doña Keene is of nothing."

"Well, you may call me Eleanor, if you like," said Miss Keene, smiling.

"Doña Leonor—so; that is good," said Doña Isabel, clapping her hands like a child. "But how are you?"

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Keene, greatly amused, "but I don't understand."

"Ah, caramba! What are you, little one?" Seeing that her guest still looked puzzled, she continued: "Ah! Mother of God! Why are your friends so polite to you? Why does every one love you so?"

"Do they? Well," stammered Miss Keene, with one of her rare, dazzling smiles, and her cheeks girlishly rosy with naïve embarrassment, "I suppose they think I'm pretty."

"Pretty! Ah, yes, you are!" said Doña Isabel, gazing at her seriously. "But it is not all that."

"What is it, then?" asked Miss Keene, demurely.

"You are a—a—Dama de Grandeza!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ST. PAUL'S CARNIVAL.

PROXIMITY to blizzard-breeding regions may have its advantages, after all. The people of St. Paul during two successive years have turned to account their high latitude and Minnesota's share in Manitoba's breezes by a jolly midwinter carnival, like those of Montreal and Quebec.

The carnival of 1887 occupied the last two weeks of January. Its central feature was the ice palace, whose majestic dimensions have already been set forth in the WEEKLY. This was the scene of two attacks, in the first of which the assailants were repulsed, thus allowing another demonstration, after a week's interval for recuperation. The assaulting forces were those of the Fire King (Captain ED. BEAN), about 2500 strong, and consisted of snow-shoe, carnival, tobogganing, and skating clubs. The night of the first assault was a fine one, with the mercury only 15° below zero. The stars were bright, the streets gay with thousands of colored lights, and throngs gathered to witness the combat. By torch and trumpet fast arrayed, the gallant hosts of Captain BEAN marched to the bluff crowned with the ice pile, which, says a local chronicler, "from foundation to turret was radiant with a rose-colored light that shone through its crystal walls, diffusing a warm luminance over everything." The defenders of the Ice King's palace, under Dr. J. H. MURPHY, had planted on their parapets batteries for firing bombs, while in each of the outer courts was a four-mortar battery made of heavy copper, discharging 10-inch shells by electrical apparatus. The aggregate small-arms of the opposing forces comprised 20,000 Roman candles, carried in canvas sacks hanging from the shoulders. With great good sense no rockets were used. A shell from a palace mortar was the signal of battle, and instantly the air was ablaze with fiery missiles from attack and defence, the boom of the palace artillery combining with the light rattle of the Roman candles of the infantry, while fire fountains lighted up the scene. Soon the battle-field was dense with smoke, through which the stars continued to shoot, and the fiery globes to explode for ten minutes. When the pyrotechnics were over, the garrison and the assailants, joining forces, 3000 strong, under the Fire King, paraded through the decorated and illuminated streets.

This was only one feature of the carnival. There were distance races, hundred-yard dashes, and hurdle-leaping contests for snow-shoers of the Seven Corners, Pioneer, St. George, Lafayette, and other snow-shoe clubs. There was toboggan sliding for the Waukota, Nushka, Owl, Little Crow, Keweenaw, Uncle Sam, Royal Route, St. Anthony Hill, Bunker Hill, Diamond, Rising Sun, Red Wing, Red Fox, Pappoose, Jolly Sisters, and a score of other toboggan clubs. There were skating races for the Carnival, Palace, Alaska, and Tasaka skating clubs; coasting for the Firefly and Montezuma coasting clubs, and for the Scandinavia Ski and Kjelke; and miscellaneous fun for the Flambeau, Meda, Northern Pacific, and Shin-Ah-To carnival clubs. There was curling by the St. Paul Curling Club, and a display of cow-boys' sports. For sleighing, Third, Sixth, Sibley, and Robert streets were at times set apart, and the portly family sleigh, the Russian team, three abreast, with a hoop of bells over the centre horse, and the pony equipage, mingled on even terms. A wild Western feature was the performance styled "bouncing," which consisted in seizing an unsuspecting wayfarer and tossing him in a blanket. The *Pioneer Press* says that "it was no unusual sight, both in the hotels and on the streets, to see a visitor heels over head in the air." In one crowd, listening to a band, a snow-shoe club introduced itself, "and began to use the blanket with a freedom that caused a general stampede of timid visitors. For half an hour, club men, merchants, visitors, and sight-seers from home and abroad were tossed in air." It further appears that "this sport is a part of the carnival programme," and that "for many visitors the portion of their visit that will remain longest and strongest in their memory will be their troubles in a bouncing blanket."

Dancing and other in-door amusements played their part in the festival. There was novelty in the sport of the Norwegians with their kjelka, a sled about nine feet long, a foot wide, and a foot high. One parade showed primitive travel, with dog trains and ponies, trappers on snow-shoes, old Red River carts with creaking wheels, built of wood throughout, and ponies driven by squaws while the bucks sprawled at ease on loads of furs. Visitors from hundreds of miles attended this carnival, among them the Cyclone Relics of St. Cloud, and Wa-Was of Hastings, the latter a column of forty ladies in dark blue uniforms trimmed with yellow, and turbans to match. "Wa-Wa means wild-geese," said Miss Captain SCHALLER to a reporter, "and I guess you think we chose our name with due regard for the eternal fitness of things." It was a great fortnight for St. Paul.

"SUSPICIOUS GUESTS."

THE journey across the continent, or to almost any part of the West, can now be taken so cheaply as well as so quickly by rail that the train of emigrant wagons fills a much larger place in reminiscences than in life; and the territory has shrunk to very narrow limits wherein excursionists have to hold diplomatic negotiations with Indians before they can go on further, or have to lie down at night with rifles for bedfellows. Still there are tracts of country through which no traveller or company of sportsmen can go without at least a ceremonious parley. The remnants of bands of warriors and chiefs whose authority has become a reminiscence love to exact an explanation of peaceful purposes, if for no other reason than to enjoy the sensation of making a show of a proprietary interest in the hunting grounds, whether they have it or not. And they conduct these parleys with ceremony and craftiness. Sometimes they follow a traveller, of whom really they have no suspicion, for a whole day, in order to make an impressive presentation of themselves when the party stops for dinner or seeks cover for the night. Many a conference that begins with as great formality as if the business in hand were the making of a treaty between two hostile nations ends with an exchange of simple geographical information for "fire-water" or a blanket.

Such a conference between a great chief and a sportsman's party is the subject of the accompanying double-page illustration. The chief approaches with ceremonious assurances of peace, but his armed and mounted companions in the background are within sight to produce the impression that his peaceful attitude is a gracious concession, and to suggest that his people really regard the intruders as suspicious characters. When a sufficient time has elapsed for each party to have impressed the other with its power, the most unwarlike curiosity impels the mounted warriors to approach the group, and to show how quickly presents can disarm suspicion. The noble savage has become the most diplomatic and successful of beggars. There are yet some who levy heavier tribute than gifts, but they levy it with less ceremony.

LITTLE MISSY.

Do you know the feeling of living in a house pervaded by an unseen presence? That was what I felt at Malvern; for so the old Virginia place was called where Jack and I settled down to rest after ten consecutive seasons in New York. The doctor, no wiser than the run of his craft, had prescribed the regulation thing—perfect rest, fresh air, milk, early to bed and early to rise, etc.—and Jack, being able to carry out any reasonable (nay, some unreasonable) expenses, had bought this Virginia manor-house for a song, and with it three hundred acres of sedge-grass and young pines. He had bought the house and furniture and everything as it stood.

Colonel Baskerville had been the last owner of the place, and he had been dead ten years; also Mrs. Baskerville. And there had been three children—two sons, one of whom was shot dead at Gettysburg, and the other had died of wounds and exposure. The daughter, Amy Baskerville, too, was no more. All this I gathered from the one or two persons we had met, and the old doctor who was our nearest and only neighbor.

It was this Amy Baskerville whose shadowy girlish presence was all over Malvern. She was only twenty when she died, as the plain headstone in the old family burying-ground said. The brick walls of the graveyard were crumbling, and the iron gate had given way. Cattle and sheep browsed on the green mounds. Many of the tombs of the dead and gone Baskervilles were marble slabs supported on pillars, of which the solid brick and mortar had disappeared, leaving them like gigantic tables. The later graves were sunken, especially those of Colonel Baskerville and his wife, over which a simple monument was raised, inscribed to the memory of Colonel Marmaduke Baskerville and Nancy, his wife. Those over the two sons were highly ornate, and bore long epitaphs. "Marmaduke, who was killed while gallantly leading his regiment, after the fall of both his colonel and lieutenant-colonel," followed by a long list of Marmaduke's virtues; and "George, who died of wounds contracted in the service of his country, at the early age of eighteen." The story was plain. The poor old colonel and his wife had put up the showy tombstones with Pity weeping over an urn, and their executors had put up the plain stones over the father and mother and little Amy.

Hanging in the grim library, with its few old-fashioned books upon the rickety shelves, were portraits of the colonel, a veritable Virginia colonel, with a tremendous shirt ruffle rushing out of his generous bosom, and his rosy face wearing a look of majestic solemnity common in portraits, but which I don't suppose Colonel Baskerville ever wore for five consecutive minutes in his life. Then there were portraits of George and Marmaduke, both handsome lads, both as alike as two peas, and besides a portrait of little Amy. I fancied she was about sixteen when it was painted. It was so sweet, so sad! There was not a trace of weakness in the half-womanish, half-childish mouth and chin. In the delicate, well-poised head I could see more will power, more intellect, than in the portly colonel and both of the handsome, frank-faced boys put together. This was not Amy's only picture. There was an old daguerreotype on the drawing-room table which revealed her in a white dress, and half a dozen faded photographs of her in her riding-habit, in fancy dress, in numerous other costumes and attitudes, sometimes with one, sometimes with another, of her brothers; and a whole bookful of sketches, scribbled all over, "The Book of Amy. Life and Adventures of Amy Baskerville. By G. B., Esq.," in which G. B., who had considerable skill, pictured Amy in numberless grotesque and humiliating circumstances, and once or twice as she must truly have been, graceful and picturesque.

One afternoon, sitting on the porch, around which the vines had grown in neglected luxuriance, I saw an old negro woman coming up the pathway toward the house. She was very infirm, and leaned upon the shoulder of a little darky about ten years old, who dutifully supported her. She stopped at the foot of the steps, and with an old-fashioned courtesy said, "Good-evenin', my mistis."

"Good-evening, aunty," I replied, having learned that much of Southern etiquette. "Won't you walk in and rest yourself?"

She crept painfully up the steps, and sat down in the rush-bottomed chair I offered her. The little darky squatted on the steps, and fixed a pair of bright black beads on me, which he never removed.

"You will scuse me, lady, fur troublin' you so much as ter come here. But I hed to come—I *hed* to come. It seemed like I couldn't die twell I hed done seed de ole place."

"You are quite welcome," I replied.

"You see," she said, glancing deprecatingly at me while she smoothed down the clean but faded handkerchief on her breast, "I was de head 'oman in dis here house. I was ole mistis' maid, an' den I nuss dem two boys, an' Miss Amy, and arter dey was all gone I went too. But I done hed de ager so bad, an' I feel so po'ly I don't never spect ter be able ter git here no mo'. So I come, jest ter tell ole marse an' all un 'em how things is lookin'. Kase I spects ter find 'em all when I gits to glory, an' old marse he sho to say, 'Keziah, how's things goin' at Malvern?' Lord! when I got ter tell him de Yankees done bought de place an' livin' here!"

"Wouldn't you like to go inside?" I said. "It's very little changed since we came."

"Thankee, lady," she said, rising and hobbling to the hall door. I heard her uncertain step going toward the library; then a long pause, and a quicker return. "I kain't do it!—I kain't," she panted, sitting down in her chair. "I thot I'd go ev'ywhar, all 'bout de house, an' set down in ev'y room; but seems ter me I hear dem voices callin'—ole marse bawlin' out 'Keziah!' an' little missy (she lisp when she talk) she say 'Kethiah'—an' I couldn't stay no longer. I was sorry I come."

"Was it very long ago that it all happened?" I asked.

"'Twarn't so long dat I kin forgit it. Fust time I ever feel like trouble was comin' was one mornin' when little marse—dat was Marmaduke, an' all de black folks call him young marse, 'cause he was tall like he pa, an' was more'n twenty-one; but I had done rock him when he was a baby, an' I never could call him nothin' but little marse—he rid away fur ter whip de Yankees. He helped ter raise a comp'ny, an' he was 'lected cap'n, an' dat mornin', right arter breakfast, he was gwine away. All de black folks 'bout de house was out here on dis here porch fur to tell him good-by, an' marse an' missis an' little missy, an' Marse George an' me, an' all on 'em was smilin' an' mighty gay 'cept me an' Marse George. He was lookin' sorter black an' sulky 'cause he want ter go ter de war too; but he warn't but sixteen years old, an' ole marse an' missis wouldn't let him. When little marse come out, he look so fine in his bran'-new uniform, an' Jake—dat was he body-servant—was settin' on one o' ole marse's bes' horses, holdin' little marse's horse by de bridle, an' jes a-grinnin', he was so happy. Young marse had he sword in he hand, an' little missy—she warn't but fifteen—tooken it from him an' snatch he cap off, an' strut up an' down ter make ole marse laugh; an' den she buckle de sword on agin, an' little marse he went up an' shook hands wid ole marse, an' he say: 'Good-by, father. You'll see me back 'fore de leaves fall. 'Twon't take long to whip dem chicken-hearted Yankees.' An' missis she hol' him in her arms, an' she kiss him, but she keep on smilin' an' never shed a tear.

"I cry so hard I had ter run upsta'rs, an' I went in little marse's room, an' set down in de cheer, an' cried twell I couldn't cry no mo'. I got up den, an' was gittin' out he nice white shirts an' he high beaver hat fur to put 'em away 'ginst he come home, when little missy she walk in. Her cheeks was white like chalk, an' her big black eyes hed a kinder skeert look in 'em, an' she steal up ter me, an' say, 'Oh, mammy, do you think he'll ever come back?' an' fust thing *I* know she was cryin' wusser'n me, an' I jes took her in my lap like I useter when she was a little gal, an' set down, an' say, 'Hish! hish! in course he's gwine ter come back.' All dat day little missy she hang on ter me. Old marse he staid down in de fiel' making 'tense he was lookin' arter de han's, an' missis she shet herself up in de store-room ter fix up de house-keepin' book, an' I didn't see neither one twell dinner-time. Den dey talk mighty cheerful, an' little missy she plague George 'bout gwine ter de army, but I didn't hear none on 'em say a word 'bout little marse. But *I* know dey didn't furgit him. Arter dat things was mighty cur'us. Missis she couldn't git no mo' cloe's, an' she put away all her fine silks an' satins, an' all little missy's too, an' her diamond comb, an' her lace shawl, an' wear nothin' but homespun. But one night I was settin' by de charmber fire, an' I hear a cart come up ter de front do'; an' I wonder what kin' o' folks 'twas comin' dat time o' night in a cart. So I run out an' open de do' as soon as I heerd de knock—an' 'twas our Jake. 'Whar's little marse?' I ask him, ketchin' hol' on him. Jake look at me, an' he couldn't speak. An' I hear ole marse an' missis comin'; an' sumpin was in de cart all covered up, an' two men was takin' it out. When Jake seed missis, he start ter trimble; an' ole marse he shout, 'Whar's yo' marster?—whar's my son?' An' Jake he pint ter de cart."

At this point she stopped. She took out a tattered handkerchief, and began to finger it nervously. The afternoon shadows had lengthened since she had begun.

"Dey brung de coffin in de parlor, an' sot it down on cheers. He look jes like he did de mornin' he rid away, but bofe legs was broke. Nobody teched him but me an' Jake. He hed two letters in he pocket, an' one was a letter I had done got little missy ter write fur me, tellin' him to take keer o' hisself. Ole marse he do mighty queer. Arter ev'ything was fixed, he come an' set down by de coffin, an' he never cry nor nothin'—he jes put he han' ev'y now an' den on little marse's head, an' say, 'My son, my son Marmaduke!' Missis she set by him, an' talk ter him, an' pray wid him, an' read de Bible to him, an' seem like she didn't think 'bout nothin' but comfortin' ole marse. Little missy she creep upstairs into little marse's room an' flung herself on de floor, an' lay like she was dead, twell I took her up in my arms, and settin' down in de rockin'-cheer, she see me cryin', an' she cry too.

"Ole marse he do jes de same arter de funeral. He set an' look at little marse's picter, an' he wouldn't let nobody move he whip offn de rack, nor a ole pyar o' spurs o' little marse's.

"Georgie hed been 'way at school. But one day a letter come. Marse George hed done run away ter jine de army. When dat letter come I seed missis put on a look I ain't furgot ter dis day. Georgie was her favorite. An' 'fo' de winter was out—'twas in de fall when Georgie run away—he died in de horspital. He hed been writin' 'twarn't nothin' matter wid him, an' he'd be outen de horspital 'fo' missis could git ter him; but she was gwine ter start de naix day. Ole marse fotch him home. He warn't eighteen, an' he hed a little muffstach comin', an' he didn't look any older den little missy when dey laid him by little marse. He was de handsomest o' all de chillen.

"Dat kilt missis. Ole marse he done fur her jes like she hed done for him, an' little missy stay by her night an' day; but one night, when de doctor say she was gittin' better, she call me, an' she say: 'Keziah, I'm dyin', an' I know it. Don't leave yo' marster an' Amy. Stay by 'em faithful like you has been ter me an' de boys.' An' de very naix week she died. Missis was a Chrishum, if ever I seed one. She would 'a lived if she could; but what kilt Georgie kilt her too. Seemed ter me arter dat like poor Keziah have ter see ole marse an' little missy go too; but I kep' up as well as I knowed how. Little missy was mighty pretty den. She was mos' twenty, an' she kep' gittin' mo' an' mo' like Georgie. De war was over den, an' some de han's went off, an' dere warn't nobody but me in de house, an' de cook an' Jake did de res' o' de work. Ole marse he walk 'bout like he didn't keer fur nothin'. One day two men drive up in a shiny new buggy, an' I hear 'em talkin' mighty sassy to ole marse on de porch, an' presny ole marse stan' up, an' he say out loud: 'Gent'men, take all. Take my plantation, my house an' furniture, my horses an' cattle an' stock an' ev'ything. I'm a bankrup', but I'm a honest man.' An' dey try ter smoothe him down, an' arter a while dey went off.

"'Bout dat time I heard dere was some Yankee orficers campin' out in de woods, an' one arternoon one on 'em rid up ter de door an' got down. Ole marse an' little missy was settin' out—'twas summer-time. De minute I seed him I seed he was like little marse, and little missy seed it too, 'cause she tole me so. He was tall an' handsome, an' when he walk up de steps he bowed low to bofe on 'em, an' hol' he cap in he hand all de time he was talkin'. He tole ole marse he was a ingineer, an' hed come fur to make some maps or sumpin, an' he had done foun' a good place fur a camp on de place, an' de government tell him he kin camp anywhar, but he wouldn't like ter put up he tents an' things 'cept he had ole marse's consent. Ole marse say, 'De government done took my two sons, all my servants, my horses, cattle, sheep, an' ev'ything I hed, so I s'pose it can take my plantation too.' De orficer turned red as a beet, an' so did little missy, an' she got up an' put her hand on ole marse's shoulder and said, 'Father!' jes like missis. Den marser sorter cooled down, an' said he didn't keer a cuss 'bout de camp, an' de orficer thank him like he had give him de plantation, and den he made a bow, an' one ter little missy, an' git on he horse an' ride away.

"Arter dat he was here ev'y day. 'Twas allers ter see ole marse 'bout sumpin—'bout de crick, an' de way de lan' slope, an' sich; but I watch him, an' I see he warn't half listenin' ter ole marse, an' he kep' he eyes on little missy. An' she useter look at him sometimes, an' smile, an' turn away. An' den he met me on de road one Sunday when I was gwine ter meetin', an' he stop he horse an' say: 'Good-mornin', aunty. How's yo' mistis?' An' when I tole him she was right peart, he laugh, an' drop a gol' dollar in my han'. I went home an' tole little missy, an' she turn red, an' say, 'It was very saucy of him, mammy, an' I've got a great mind ter make you send that dollar back.' But she didn't.

"He kep' comin', an' missy kep' gittin' kinder ter him, an' he was so perlite an' so tall an' good-lookin' I couldn't help thinkin' she'd fall in love wid him. An' one night he come, an' arter he hed done tole ole marse good-night, she come ter de door, an' he axed her to come out on de porch, an' presny, arter he hed been talkin' ter her in a kinder whisper, he stan' up straight an' open he arms, an' she slip in an' laid her head on he shoulder.

"Jes den ole marse come out. He look so white it skeered me. Little missy raise her head, but de orficer wouldn't let go her han'. Ole marse he shake like he hed de ager, an' he say: 'Take yo' choice. Go wid dat man, an' take yo' father's curse, an' never darken these doors again, or sen' him away where he b'longs, an' never speak ter him again.' De orficer say: 'Colonel Baskerville, I love your daughter, an' she loves me. You can't separate us.' But ole marse he p'int he finger, an' he holler, 'Take yo' choice.' An' little missy she stan' fur a minnit or two like stone, an' den she take her han' away. 'Father can't do without me; you can. It would kill him. You must go.' De orficer he look like he would hol' on ter her, but she turn an' walk in de house, an' he got on he horse, lookin' black an' mizerbul, an' gallop off as hard as he could.

"I seed a look naix day in little missy's face like missis when dey got dat letter 'bout Georgie. She was gwine ter die—I knowed it. Warn't nothin' matter wid her—she went like missis. Ole marse he done ev'ything fur her; she never say a cross word ter him, but I b'lieve he wish she hed. Ev'y night I ondress her an' put her ter bed like when she was a little gal, an' ev'y night she got lighter an' lighter. 'Oh, mammy,' she would say, 'I'm so tired!' an' she didn't do nothin' either. Ole marse he walk de floor all night. I heerd him, an' so did little missy. 'Poor father!' she would say. Den one day, arter de doctor hed been here an' gone, ole marse he go in de libery an' he write a letter, an' he tear it up; an' he write 'nother one, an' he tear dat one up; an' at las' he write one an' he tooken it upstyars an' he lay it on little missy's bed an' went out. 'Twas ter de orficer. Little missy she read it, an' she say, 'It's too late.' An' sho 'nough, 'twas."

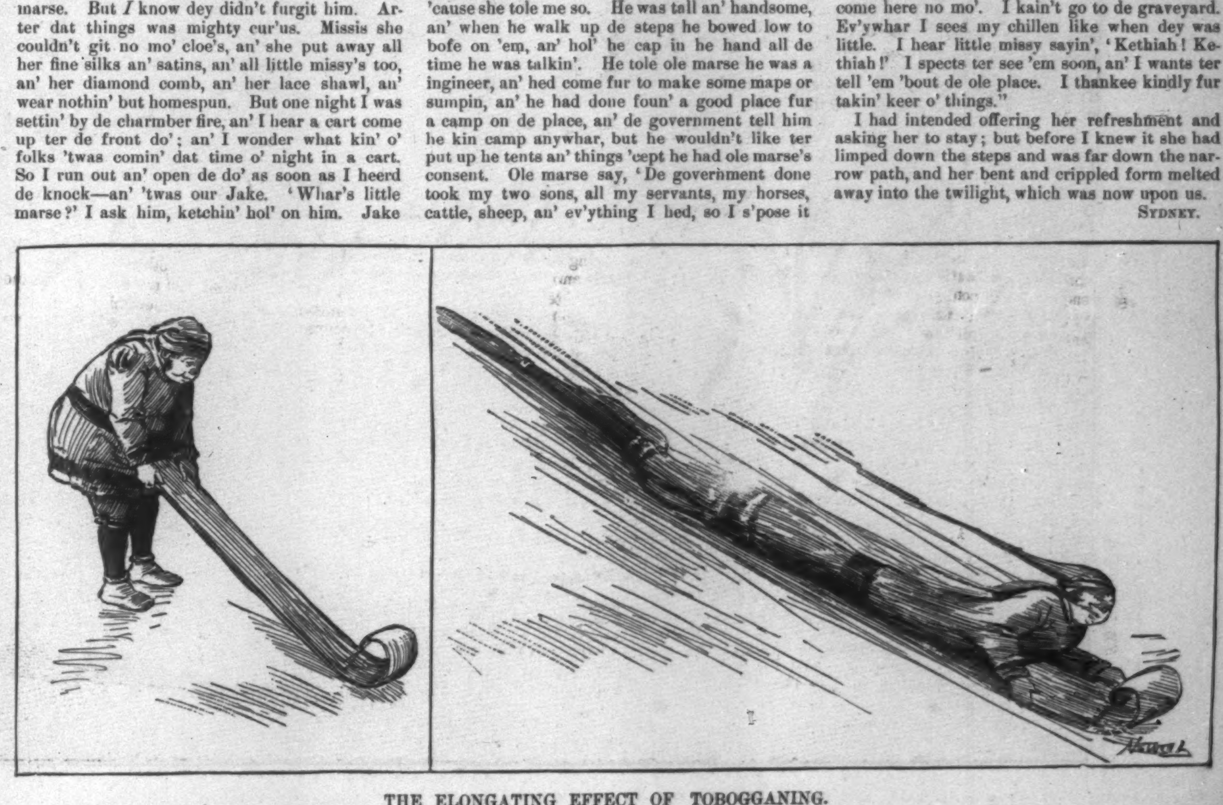
She stopped again and paused. The shadows were very long by this. It was nearly night.

"He got here befo' dey put her in de groun'. He stan' by de grave, an' when de yearth fell in on de coffin he say to hisself, 'Amy! Amy!'

"I staid by ole marse. I knowed twarn't fur long. It come one day when he was settin' on he cheer. He didn't move fur so long I was skeered. I went up to him, an' he was dead. Arter dat I went away. De orficer he give me some money, an' he tole me he'd sen' me some mo' ev'y year—an' dat's what I lives on. I kain't come here no mo'. I kain't go to de graveyard. Ev'ywhar I sees my chillen like when dey was little. I hear little missy sayin', 'Kethiah! Kethiah!' I spects ter see 'em soon, an' I wants ter tell 'em 'bout de ole place. I thankee kindly fur takin' keer o' things."

I had intended offering her refreshment and asking her to stay; but before I knew it she had limped down the steps and was far down the narrow path, and her bent and crippled form melted away into the twilight, which was now upon us.

SYDNEY.



THE ELONGATING EFFECT OF TOBOGGANING.

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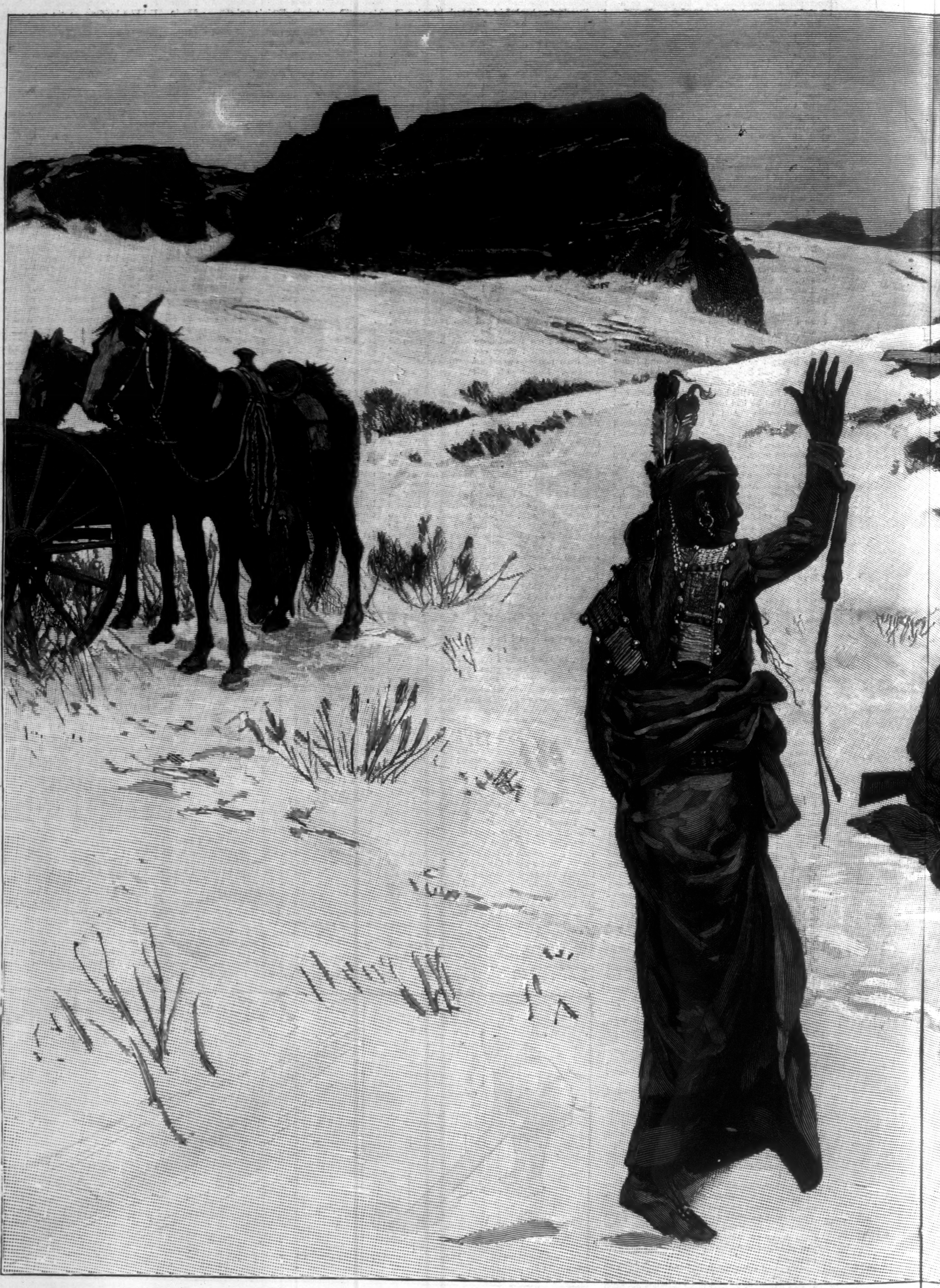
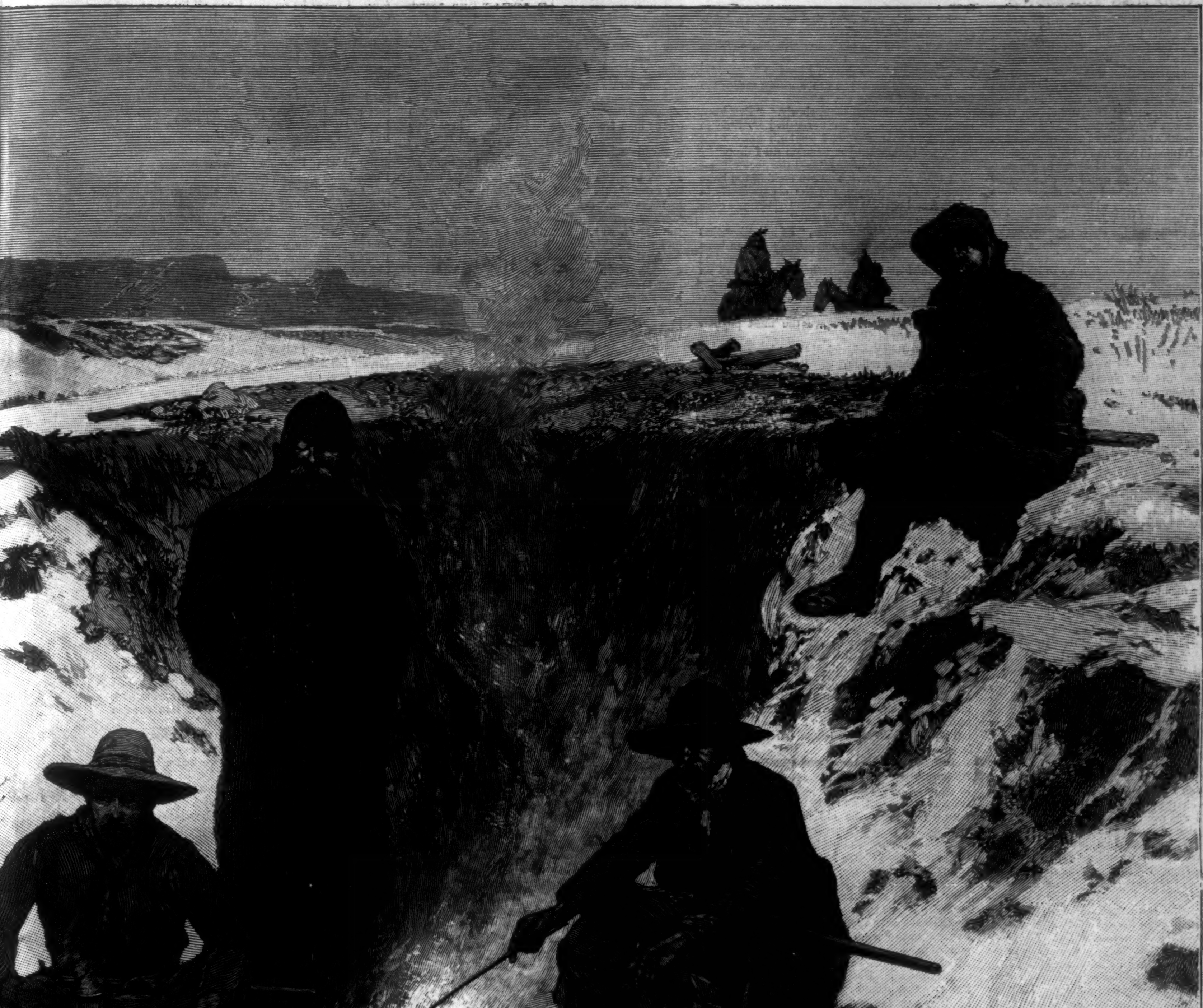
JIMIKIN AFTER STARTING



SUSPICIOUS GUESTS.—Drawn by



by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 94.]

UP AT OLD MAN JOHNSON'S.

It was October—that month when the American climate is at its best from ocean to ocean, and especially in the foot-hills. The air was clear as crystal, and to breathe it was to drink of a nectar more exhilarating than was ever poured by Hebe at the banquets of the gods on old Mount Olympus. From the shelf on the side of the cañon on which stood Old Man Johnson's rude cabin the view was indescribably fascinating and novel. The mouth of this cañon, a gigantic wedge-shaped cleft, framed in rock and trees an exquisite vista of the plains stretching leagues to the eastward. As far as the eye could reach, too, now the sun shone brightly, and now the shadows chased each other over the wide expanse.

For a long time Old Man Johnson had lived in this cabin, and toiled at his shaft near by, out of which his patient labor had wrung him a livelihood. A mine called, as was his, the "Cymbeline" must needs, in order to live up to its name, be a pretentious affair; but this one was not pretentious at all, only a round hole in the ground, with a winch above it, turned by a patient and diminutive *burro*, and a modest dump heap alongside thereof.

In the mining camp Old Man Johnson was a celebrity and a power. Of its varied and fleeting population he was the oldest member now in residence. From many parts of the country—from many parts of the world, indeed—men had come to try their fortune. They toiled with varying success: some of them grew weary and discouraged, and went away; some of them died of disappointment or mountain fever; others fell in brawls and bar-room fights. To fill the vacancies thus made came new men; but through all these kaleidoscopic changes the tall figure of Old Man Johnson was seen at the pit's mouth. His iron constitution seemed proof against disease and fatigue, his patience never flagged, and the most formidable "tough" in the mountains would have shrunk from an encounter with him. His name was a household word in remote districts, and a single memorable occasion made him famous.

Of course every one remembers the raid of 187–, made by nearly the whole male population of Nebraska Flat (the camp just over the Divide, once flourishing, now deserted) on the new settlement, and the wholesale attempt to "jump" the recent claims. The raid was well planned, and might have succeeded but for Old Man Johnson. When the fray was at its height, and matters looked badly for the new camp, he suddenly descended from his eyrie, and, in the language of the region, "dipped in for all he was worth." Like all born leaders of men, he found the command accorded to him as a matter of course, and he rallied the wavering hosts in an instant, and headed the charge which won the day.

When all was over, he fain would have retired to his seclusion; but it could hardly be with him quite as it was before. In a dire emergency he had displayed all the qualities admired and exalted on the frontier. At a meeting of nearly all the residents of the camp a set of most flattering and effusive resolutions concerning him was unanimously passed, a committee called at his cabin to present them, and offers of substantial aid and co-operation in his toil were plentiful. The good-will of his neighbors, indeed, was so heartily manifest that Old Man Johnson could not help recognizing it, which he did with a certain rude grace and not a little native dignity. He even made a speech at the conclusion of several florid ones addressed to him. He disclaimed any special merit in his actions, thanked "the boys" for their kind words, and hoped they would not think him ungrateful or unsociable if he made but little change in his previous habits, while it was his sincere desire to be a good neighbor. His numerous listeners received his remarks with much favor, gave him three cheers, and then adjourned for refreshments to the "Miner's Retreat and Restaurant de Paris"; for the proprietor of which elaborately named establishment that proved a red-letter day. Only one man remained, and he took a seat in the cabin and smoked his pipe for some little time before he entered into conversation with the hero of the day.

That this man should be a resident in a rude mining camp would have been a wonder but for the fact that such camps seem, as a matter of course, to gather the most incongruous human elements within their borders.

Doctor (or, as every one called him, "Doc") Hawkins would, after interviews with a barber and tailor, have been perfectly at home in a Fifth Avenue drawing-room or at a Harvard Commencement dinner, and he was equally at home in this rude settlement, in which, as in all the country round, his medical and surgical skill was in request. His interests in mines and claims were hardly large enough to keep him there, but he lived on, among surroundings wholly out of keeping with his apparent culture and previous associations, as if he had never known aught else. There may have been plenty of curiosity about him in the camp, but there could not have been a greater or more unlikely breach of the local canons of propriety than the slightest attempts to gratify such curiosity.

"Doc" Hawkins had attended Old Man Johnson on the occasion of a slight accident, and had often visited him since. Now the two sat facing one another. They were both tall and thin, and while the doctor was much the younger of the two, he seemed hardly more wiry and vigorous than the other. As he looked at his older companion through the wreaths of smoke he made a mental diagnosis of his condition.

"Splendid constitution," thought he. "Has always lived a healthy out-door life. Probably never knew a really sick day. Is working a little too hard now, and doesn't know it. When men of that kind do break down, it goes hard with them. Perhaps he will heed a warning. It's worth trying." He smoked in silence for a while, then spoke:

"No trouble now from that sprain, Mr. Johnson?" asked he.

"No," replied the old man; "nothin' much—thet is, to speak on. I ain't so young ez I wuz, an' I feel little hurts more'n I used to."

"Don't you think you are working rather too hard?" asked the doctor.

"No," said the old man, slowly. "I've been a-workin' all my life, an' never hed no time to play. Ef I wuz to stop, I wouldn't know what to do, an' I allow I'll jest keep on till I drop."

"Keep on, by all means," said the doctor, "but be a little moderate. You are making too large demands upon Nature, and she always sends in her bill, and charges interest, and sometimes compound; so you must be careful."

"Somehow," said Johnson, "I don't allow thet Natur's a-goin' back on me. She's always been good to me—a deuced sight better than men has been—an' I ain't afeared she'll be too hard on me when it comes to settlin' accounts."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders almost imperceptibly. "Men were not very hard on you to-day," said he. "You are the most popular man in the county."

Old Man Johnson knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and began refilling it. "I don't take much stock in what a crowd like thet thar one sey about me, bad or good," said he, slowly. "They're mighty onsartin, an' it takes precious little to turn 'em from one way o' thinkin' to another. To-morrow they might be a-cryin' out for to hang me."

"You would agree," said the doctor, "with the old philosopher who declared that, as far as his experience went, the voice of the people was not the voice of God."

"Correct," said the old man. "I don't know who he wuz, but his head wuz level. When men gits in a crowd, yer see, they don't think for themselves, but lets other people think for 'em. I'm an old man now, an' I larned this lesson a long time ago."

After some further conversation the doctor took his leave, and the old man sat quietly smoking. He seemed disinclined to resume work at the shaft, and the events of the day had apparently thrown him into a thoughtful mood, and perhaps revived old memories. Anon he rose and paced the floor of the cabin; as hours passed on, and he became more absorbed in thought, he would quicken his pace, and sometimes talk rapidly to himself. It was almost dusk when he suddenly opened the door of the cabin, walked out into the open air, and stood bareheaded, looking down the cañon.

Just then a young man was seen approaching, running when he could, and jumping from point to point as he came up the path. His figure was lithe and stalwart, and his face, when he came near enough for the old man to see it, was handsome. It wore, however, an expression half anxious, half puzzled, thus preparing Johnson for the appeal which came as soon as its maker had recovered his breath.

"Mr. Johnson," said he, "I hear you are a good and just man, and I ask your aid and protection. I am a traveller, and bought a horse of a Mexican at a town about twenty miles east. When I rode into the camp down below here, all hands seemed to be on a spree, and I had hardly dismounted when some one called out that my horse was stolen from him. Had the crowd not been so tipsy, I'm sure they would have seized me; but I managed to run faster than they could. I am no thief, I assure you. It was easy enough to prove where I bought the horse, but they would not listen."

Johnson had been looking straight into the young man's clear gray eyes with a curious interest, and an evident effort to catch some far-off and fleeting remembrance or suggestion. He hardly took his gaze off him as he pointed to the door of the cabin.

"All right, young feller," said he. "I don't believe yer've taken no hosses, an' yer've come to the right place for help. I allow I'll be able to see yer through; anyway, I'll do my level best. Git right in thar, an' make yerself comfortable."

As he spoke, loud voices were heard, as of excited men approaching. Johnson took a revolver from a holster hanging on the wall, examined the caps, and put it in his hip pocket. Then he threw a couple of charges of buckshot into a double-barrelled shot-gun, and stood in the doorway, with the formidable weapon resting across his arm. Soon a noisy party approached, their blustering demeanor clearly superinduced by whiskey.

"Hello, old man," shouted the leader, "hev yer seen a hoss-thief about these yere parts?"

"Nary hoss-thief," was the reply.

"Look a-here, old man, thar wuz a young feller thet we allowed hed been stealin' hosses run up this gulch jest now, an' we want him."

"You *allowed* he'd been stealin'? Waal, ef you 'ain't got no better evidence than yer allowin', yer'd stand a mighty poor show before a jury."

The leader of the party, with unsteady step, came a little closer, followed by his companions. "We don't want no talk," said he. "We're a-goin' to hev thet thar man."

Quick as thought, the gun was at the old man's shoulder, and his finger on the trigger. Even to befuddled brains, too, there must have come some realization of the force, the sarcasm, and the contempt in his concentrated utterances.

"Oh! ye're a-goin' to take him, are yer? Waal, thet's all right. Jest you set about it right now. I'm only jest a-goin' to suggest thet I've got the drop on yer, an' so sure ez I live I'll let daylight through the first feller thet comes an inch nearer, or makes a move to draw." Every man stood still. After a pause the old man went on: "I allow thet the boys in this yere camp knows me by this time, an' ef I'm a-goin' to do jest ez I say." Next, with a step forward, a sudden vehemence, and a sharp ring in his voice: "Turn round, *quick*, an' walk down thet thar path." The party obeyed, and the old man followed them, his gun still in position. They had gone but a short distance when a hail was heard, and a man was seen coming quickly up the cañon. It was the doctor, and he was soon near enough to make himself understood, when he explained that it was all a mistake about the young fellow, inasmuch as the man from whom he bought the horse was at that moment in the place. The old man set down his gun and smiled grimly.

"Ef thar's any of this yere crowd hez any remarks to make about takin' a hoss-thief out of my cabin," said he, "I allow this is a good time to make 'em. Don't all speak at once.—Waal, 'ain't any of you cusses got a word to say? Ef yer hevn't, why, I hev. I've an idee thet ye'd find some other camp a blamed sight healthier for ye than this yere one for a while, an' a pretty considerable long while too. I've got a blamed long memory, an' I ain't a-goin' to forgit in a hurry about yer a-comin' to my cabin an' threat'nin' me; an' ye'd better not come in my way again in a hurry—thet's all." The men hastened down the path, and the old man turned to the doctor.

"Say, doc," said he, "I allow a few remarks is in order about me bein' so blamed popular in this yere camp. Yer bet that philosopher cuss knowed a thing or two. Say, won't yer come in an' see the young feller?"

"I would gladly do so," replied the doctor, "but I must go at once to see Si Williams down the gulch, who was hurt to-day; but I will come back soon, and talk matters over with you. Meantime the young fellow must go away for the present. The man from whom he bought his horse brought word that he was to go at once over the Divide to meet his sister and her husband, who are travelling in this region. He is to show him the way, and he should be here soon. I believe the youngster is to come back, and then I can see him. Good-by for the present. But, by-the-way, you look a little pale. Take my advice, and avoid any sudden excitement;" and he turned down the cañon. Johnson returned to the cabin, and proceeded to put the gun in the corner and the revolver in the holster again, as the young man was pouring out his thanks.

"It's all right, young feller," said he. "I knowed yer was on the squar', an' I allowed to see yer through. Now yer sister an' her husband is over the Divide, an' ye're wanted; an' the man's a-comin' with yer hoss, an' to show yer the way. Hedn't yer better hev somethin' to eat before yer go?"

"Well, things *have* changed indeed," laughed the youngster. "A few minutes ago my life was in danger, and now I am to meet my friends. I am not hungry, but thank you all the same, as will my sister and her husband, you may be sure, when they come here. This is a curious place for a lady to visit, but my sister has a wild idea that she can find somewhere in the West an old man who was a partner of our father's long ago. I am in a tremendous hurry to see her, and tell her of my adventures. And here are the horses and my guide. Good-by, Mr. Johnson, for to-day, and thank you again a thousand times. I shall come back and see you as soon as I can."

He sprang to the saddle, waved his hand, and was just starting, when the old man spoke:

"Good-by, my boy. Glad to see yer, an' any friends o' yourn, but suppose yer tell me your name?"

The youngster looked laughingly over his shoulder. "I haven't any card about me," cried he; "but my name is Frank Snelling, and very much at your service."

He was gone without seeing that the old man had turned as pale as death, and the drops had come on his forehead. He pressed his hand on his heart, and tottering to his rude bunk, fell upon it, moaning faintly. By good fortune, the doctor's last patient had detained him but a short time. He arrived at the cabin to find the old man in this sorry plight.

"I feared this," he said to himself as he drew the wallet filled with medicines from his saddle-bag. "I thought the heart would prove the weak spot."

The next morning had dawned before the old man fully recovered consciousness. Propped up in a chair, with pale cheeks and sunken eyes, he had made several attempts to talk, but was forbidden by his watchful attendant. At last he succeeded in saying what he desired.

"Doc," said he, speaking faintly and with difficulty, "I'm glad you're about, for I've got somethin' to tell yer. I've kept it a secret this long time, but now it's got to come out, no matter who nor how much it hurts. Yer know the young feller thet wuz here—him thet they wanted to take? Waal, when he wuz a-goin' he said his name wuz Snelling. Now, doc, jest yer look in the lower corner of thet thar chest an' ye'll find a book wrapped up in paper. Thet's it. Jest open it an' take it out, will yer?" It was an old prayer-book. "Look at what's wrote in it," said the old man.

The doctor read: "Joseph Carter, from his sincere friend Harriet Snelling. December 12, 184–."

"Thar's somethin' writ under thet. Read it."

The ink was faint, but the doctor made out: "The Lord is my shepherd; therefore can I lack nothing. He shall feed me in a green pasture, and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort."

The old man shaded his eyes with his hand, and sat some time wrapped in thought before he spoke again.

"Doc," said he, in a low tone, "when thet thar wuz writ I wuz livin' East. She ez give the book to me wuz ez good an' pooty a woman ez the sun ever shone on. I loved her with all my heart, an' John Snelling—he wuz my partner in the mill—he loved her too, an' he hed the inside track, an' she married him. She give me thet book before. I never let on thet I wuz all broke up, an' they allowed I wuz their friend; but I wuz mad enough to kill him. One day the hands in the mill—they wuz a hard lot—struck on us, an' we wouldn't give in to 'em; an' one night I heard 'em plottin' to attack the mill when we wuz thar, an' kill us both. An' then the devil come into me, an' I didn't give the thing away; but I run off thet night, leavin' my partner without a warnin'. I went out to Oregon, an' changed my name, an' I've been merchandisin' an' ranchin' an' minin' ever sence, an' I 'ain't hed no peace o' mind along of what I done all those years ago. Once I heard thet Snelling an' his wife wuz both dead, and I allowed ez how he wuz killed an' she died o' grief. Now this youngster's his son, an' his sister an' her husband is jest across the Divide, an' a-comin' here. He sez they want to find an old man who wuz a partner of her father's. Don't yer see, doc, ez how a man's doin's foller him up, no matter how fur he may go? I couldn't never forgit, no matter how hard I tried, what I'd done, an' when I heerd the youngster's name it all come back to me stronger'n ever, an' then somethin' kind o' give way in me, an' I didn't know no more. Waal, doc, I ain't a-goin' to bear it no longer. I allow they know my name's Carter, an' not Johnson; an' ef they don't, I'm a-goin' to tell 'em. Perhaps they won't be hard on me sence I saved the boy, an' now ez I'm kind o' low down."

He was faint after the narrative; so the doctor administered a restorative, and he afterward dozed quietly for a long while. It was afternoon when voices were heard outside the door, and a knock aroused the sleeper and brought the doctor to his feet to meet the caller on the threshold. On horseback were two persons, to whom the young man introduced him.

"This is my sister, doctor," said he, "Mrs. Carleton, and my brother-in-law, the Rev. John Carleton. Only think, doctor, there can be no doubt that my preserver, who has changed his name for some reason or other, is my father's old partner, Joseph Carter, whom we have wanted to find for years. He disappeared from home long, long ago, and my father and mother thought he must be dead; but only this year they heard from a neighbor that he was alive, for he had recognized him."

"Yes," said the lady, "and they charged us, when on our Western trip, to spare no pains to find him. Father will be delighted to hear from him, and we can all of us never thank him enough for what he has done for Frank."

"Do I understand," asked the doctor, "that your father and mother are both alive and well?"

"Surely," said the lady; "we had a telegram from them only yesterday."

"Then," said the doctor, "I must speak to you before you see my poor friend here. He has been threatened for some time with heart-disease, and he is under some strange misapprehension in regard to his relations with your family. When he heard the name of my young friend here, he suffered an attack which I fear will prove fatal. I will prepare him for your coming, and I know you will be very gentle and careful with him." He entered the cabin, said a few words to Johnson, gave him a stimulant, and then brought the party into the room. The lady was moved almost to tears by the sight of the stricken old man. She took his hand in hers, and warmly thanked him for what he had done for her brother. He stopped her with a gesture.

"Before yer thank me, lady," said he, in tremulous tones, "I must tell my story. It's easier for me to do it, now that the doctor's taken a load off me by tellin' me thet your father and mother is livin'." In a few words, and with pathetic effort, he spoke of his supposed crime of long ago. The lady could hardly let him conclude, so anxious was she to tell him that no harm had ever come to her father, and that he had never thought of his old partner but with affection and regret. The doctor closely watched his patient, took his wrist in his hand as she was speaking and quickly gave him a restorative to drink. The old man's strength seemed to be failing him, but there was a look of peace in his eyes.

"So yer husband's a preacher," said he, in a faint voice. "Doc, jest show him thet thar prayer-book, an' them words thet's writ in it."

The clergyman took the book in his hand.

"Read out what it sez, wrote thar, won't yer, padre?" said he. "I used to think o' them green pastures an' flowin' waters, when I wuz in the sage-brush country, whar thar wa'n't nothin' like 'em. When I lit out from home I sort o' lost my grip, an' I 'ain't hed no luck sence then, let alone a-carryin' this everlastin' great load on my mind when I wuz a-wanderin' up an' down thet thar God-forsaken country. I allow the man thet wrote them words hed been out in the sage-brush, an' he knowed how it wuz himself. P'r'aps he'd been years an' years, all alone, a-thinkin' an' a-thinkin', without no let up, about a pard he'd gone back on, an' seein' him in his dreams o' nights, an' all of a sudden he larned thet he hedn't really done him no harm. Ef I'd hed book-larnin', an' could write like he did, I sort o' think I'd put it down thet I wuz all broke up at yer bein' so good to me. Padre, ain't thar some more thet he writ thar?"

The clergyman caught the look in the doctor's eyes, and he knelt by the bed, as did his wife and her brother. Then in low and tender tones he read the rest of the lovely psalm. The old man listened intently.

"The valley of the shadder o' death," said he. "I allow I'm a-goin' through thar. Say, padre, won't yer sort o' read one o' them thar prayers for me?"

At the end of one of the beautiful collects the sick man raised his head. His lips were parted in a happy smile. "Say, padre," said he, eagerly. He stretched out his hand. The quick motion stilled the tired heart forever, and he was gone!

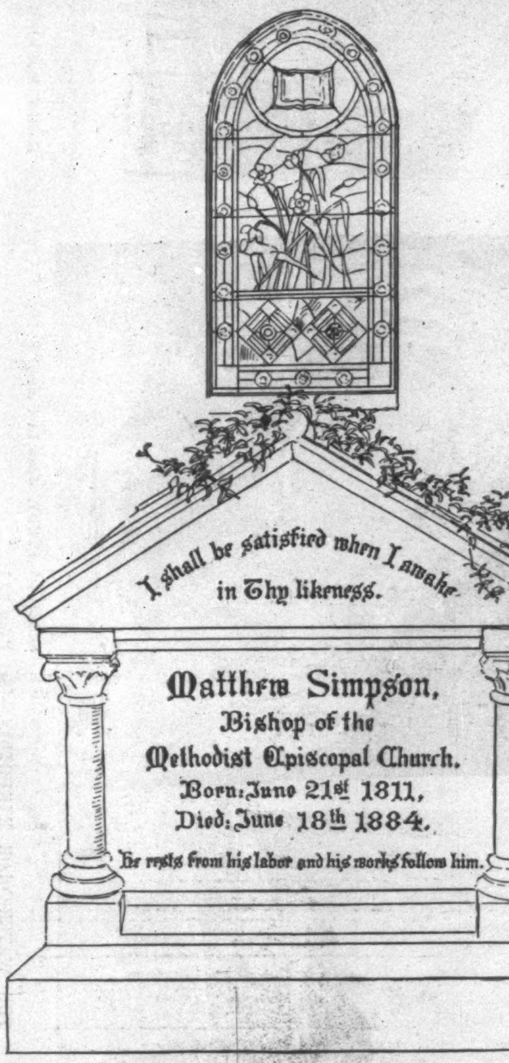
The three remained kneeling, and the doctor covered his eyes with his hand. Then the sun's rays reached the window, shone through it, and fell on the face—calm, still, and almost young again—of him who lay dead up at Old Man Johnson's.

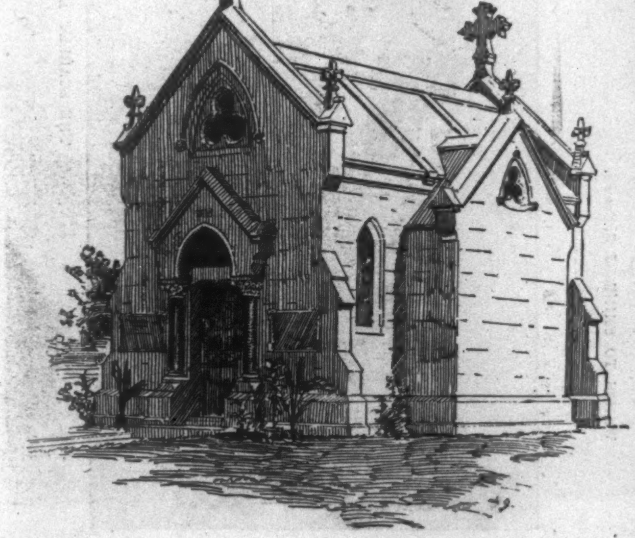
A. A. **Hayes.**

IN MEMORY OF BISHOP SIMPSON.

We give herewith a representation of the mausoleum containing the remains of Bishop **Matthew Simpson**, in Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia. The mausoleum, which was recently completed, was erected by the widow of Bishop **Simpson** as a monument to his memory. It is built of white granite, and is plain and simple in appearance. The interior is nineteen feet in length and ten in width, affording ample room around the sarcophagus. Bishop **Simpson** was one of the most eminent ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was born in Cadiz, Ohio, on June 21, 1811. His studies were conducted at Madison (afterward Alleghany) College, at Meadville, Pennsylvania, and his first appointment came from the Pittsburgh Conference. He was ordained Deacon by Bishop **Roberts** in 1835.

In 1837 he was made Professor of Natural Sciences in Alleghany College, and in 1839 became President of Indiana Asbury University, at Greencastle, Indiana. He was elected and ordained Bishop in 1852. He was the most noted orator in the Methodist Episcopal Church. His writings include *A Hundred Years of Methodism*, and *Yale Lectures on Preaching*, and he was the editor of the *Cyclopædia of Methodism*. He was chosen to make the opening prayer at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876. A volume of Bishop **Simpson**'s sermons has been published by **Harper & Brothers**, and the same firm has in preparation *The Life and Letters of Bishop Matthew Simpson.*


I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness.
Matthew Simpson,
Bishop of the
Methodist Episcopal Church.
Born: June 21st 1811.
Died: June 18th 1884.
He rests from his labor and his works follow him.

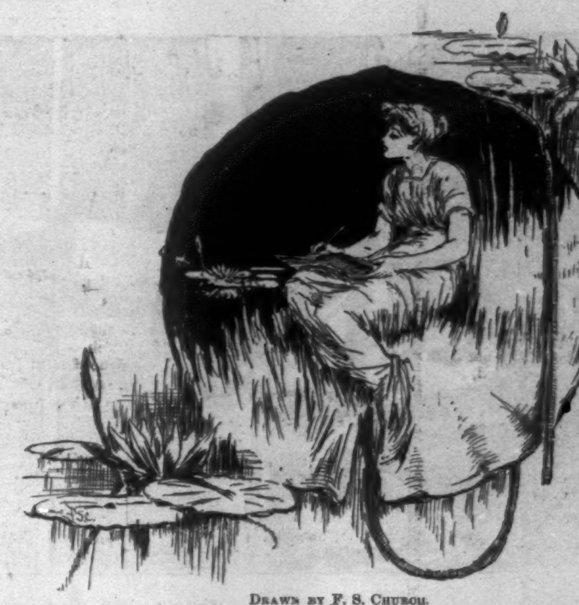


SENATOR BATE.

Ex-Governor William B. Bate, of Tennessee, the choice of the Tennessee Legislature for United States Senator, was born and brought up in Sumner County, Tennessee. His early training was obtained in the public schools, which he forsook to go to sea as a clerk. He fought in the Mexican war, and made a good record there. On his return from Mexico he began the study of the law. He entered the Lebanon Law School, from which he graduated in due course with high honors. His first political office came to him in 1854, when he was elected Attorney-General of his district. He was afterward a member of the General Assembly. At the outbreak of the civil war he enlisted as a private soldier, but his Mexican experience was of service to him, and his promotion was rapid. At the close of the war he settled in Nashville, and practised law. He has been a member of the National Democratic Committee for twelve years. He was Governor **Taylor**'s immediate predecessor.

AN ELEVATED STATION IN WINTER.

There was a time when it seemed as though the winter climate of Florida was to be the winter climate of this town, but now once again there has come to us a season which, on account of its whirling snow-storms and its bitter cold, people have been led to characterize as a winter "of the good old-fashioned sort." It has been a winter of great picturesqueness, with facilities for bob-sleds and toboggans that seemed endless until the January thaw set in. If the Canadian snow-shoers had come here visiting a week later than they did, they would have thought that a section of the Dominion had been sent down with them. While it seems inevitable that the blizzards of the West must lose their fiercest terrors before they reach the seaboard hereabouts, still they have come this winter with enough sting left in them to answer the purposes of all moderately minded New-Yorkers. Perhaps the best of accessible places for uninterrupted encounter with a blizzard in New York is the elevated railroad station. The beauty and the cold of the blizzard here especially appeal to one. In the sketch on page 101 the elevated station is presented in very picturesque circumstances. Night has closed in, and a heavy snow is falling. It is the hour when the bulk of New-Yorkers are accustomed to go home at the conclusion of the day's work. The platform is thronged with people thickly bundled up. Plainly the exposed place is swept by an icy wind, but the wind must be very potent which will prevent hungry people from going home. This wind does not even interfere materially with the boy in the news stand, who preserves under it the unagitated and normal appearance from which it is known that newsboys almost never relax. The head-light of an approaching locomotive breaks through the snow as through a fog. The elevated station, unconcerned about the storm, is in its busiest mood. Such as these discomforts are they sink into nothingness with those who recall the ordeal of the horse-cars before the elevated roads were built.



Drawn by F. S. Church.

THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.

The American Water-color Society has opened at the National Academy of Design its Twentieth Annual Exhibition. The society has had twenty years of useful existence. In respect of substantial attainment it has surpassed the older institution of the National Academy, and the art to which it is devoted is that in which the best and most interesting results have been achieved by American artists. Its exhibitions are free from any of the features which the best friends of the Academy deplore in the annual displays of that body. It is the most catholic in its scope and the direction of its development, and every lover of artistic progress will congratulate it heartily upon the twenty years of untiring effort and steady improvement which have so far marked its history. It has had its dark days, its various vicissitudes, and its internal dissensions, but it survives them all, and is to-day the most creditable art organization that New York can boast.

The galleries have been most agreeably decorated by the committee with silks and odds and ends of Oriental-fabrics, together with certain manifestations of ceramics, and nothing in the way of an exhibition of pictures can surpass this in its general brilliancy.

There are no very large water-colors, nothing, for instance, to compare with Mr. **William M. Chase**'s enormous water-color on canvas of a recent season. The landscapes are, as usual, in the ascendant, but there is a noticeable increase in the number of careful and deeply studied figure subjects.

Mr. F. S. **Church** has some delightful contributions, indicative of his fertile and charming fancy. In some respects his polar study of "A Bereaved Bear" is at once one of the most effective and amusing travesties that he has committed, and there are not lacking examples of his witching maidens, and his levies upon the imaginative possibilities of the animal kingdom, always new, original, and fantastic, and always imbued with the same spirit of alluring simplicity and unfailing humor.

Perhaps the most notable picture in the exhibition is a large and serious contribution from Mr. J. **Alden Weir**, which holds the place of honor in the South Gallery. It is a sombre and thoughtful water-color, the subject being an interior with two figures, a lady and child, both seated apparently in front of an open fire. There is some occasion of grief to the former, for the face denotes sadness and pain of the mind, the eyes being visibly moist, and the whole attitude conforming to their feeling. Of its class it is the most impressive picture in the exhibition, and in color and general treatment it is the best piece of work, the most complete and significant, that Mr. **Weir** has ever exhibited.

Each of the Messrs. **Turner** contributes large, ambitious, and effectively treated subjects. Mr. **John La Farge** puts in a welcome reappearance, and leads with him a pupil, Mr. J. **Johnson**, who reflects all the art and mannerisms of his master with extraordinary fidelity. Mr. **La Farge**, who has of late become thoroughly saturated with the art of Japan, contributes a study of a "Japanese Masked Dancer," which is very rich and interesting in color, and near which hangs "A Bather," by Mr. **Johnson**—a boy bathing in the midst of a quantity of aquatic vegetation, very like to have been inspired by **William Hunt**'s well-known picture, and in execution quite certainly controlled by Mr. **La Farge**. This same pupil has in another part of the exhibition a very striking figure of Christ—a small but elaborate drawing, in which again all the qualities of Mr. **La Farge**'s color and execution are so cogently put forth that it seems as if Mr. **La Farge** had wholly reproduced himself in his very clever pupil. Mr. **La Farge** contributes a figure called "Sleep"—a graceful woman reclining in a green gown, a very beautiful and delicately painted study in Mr. **La Farge**'s best manner.

In some respects the strongest hand in the whole exhibition is manifested by a comparatively new landscape artist, Mr. **Henry W. Ranger**. Mr. **Ranger** exhibits a large number of studies—fresh open landscapes, wharf scenery, boats, and street scenes. He is weak in none, and strong in nearly all, striking a true and vigorous note, and expressing himself with originality and directness. Two of his street scenes, familiar New York subjects, are among the most striking pictures on exhibition, and are undoubtedly the best productions of their kind that have yet been shown at the Academy.

Mr. **Samuel Colman** is another artist who deserves a warm welcome, now that he has reappeared in full force at the Academy. He contributes a number of studies of Western scenery, all of excellent quality, new, forceful, and interesting, and comprising the very best work that he has yet shown. Two Rocky Mountain scenes, serious Western landscapes, full of the character of our remote and inhospitable frontier, are among the strongest pictures on the walls of the exhibition. They are truthful and powerful translations of singularly impressive scenery, and the beauty of their color mitigates the severity and harshness which otherwise constitute their leading characteristics. Mr. **Colman**'s California coast studies are very impressive and interesting delineations of the singular and fantastic neighborhood of the Golden Gate. They are very faithful in color, and Mr. **Colman** has invested them with no little charm of sentiment.

Mrs. **Rhoda Holmes Nicholls** contributes some excellent work to the Twentieth Exhibition. The large picture with the title of "The Scarlet Letter" is an exceedingly powerful and vigorously executed water-color. It is very remote from the agreeable exploits in Oriental color by which she has been represented in recent exhibitions, and shows a versatility and masculinity of execution for which we were unprepared.

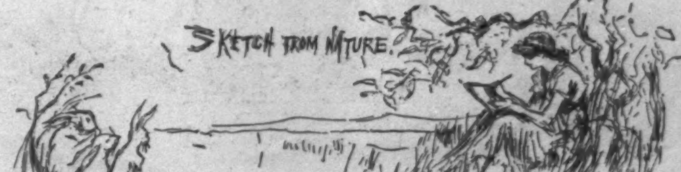
Mr. **Harry Fenn** is seen at his best in the present exhibition with an Oriental study, "The Green Mosque," a riotous wealth of Asiatic detail and color.

Mr. F. D. **Millet** has a very attractive contribution, a girl seated by a round embrasure in a marble wall, painted with great delicacy, and most agreeable in effect.

Mr. **Thulstrup** has a powerful study of a battery of artillery wheeling into action, full of fire, vigor, and excitement, and painted with true military instinct. It marks a very conspicuous advance in the art of this conscientious and painstaking artist.

Mr. **Frank C. Jones** has two or three beautiful little pictures in which his artless maidens betray no trace of self-consciousness, and the charm of naturalness and sincerity is triumphant.

His brother, Mr. **Bolton Jones**, sends some landscapes of great beauty, and Mr. A. H. **Wyant** is represented in the South Room by one of exquisite delicacy of color and delightful atmospheric quality, the best landscape that he has exhibited in years, and one of the most pleasing pictures in the whole exhibition.


SKETCH FROM NATURE.

Drawn by F. S. Church.

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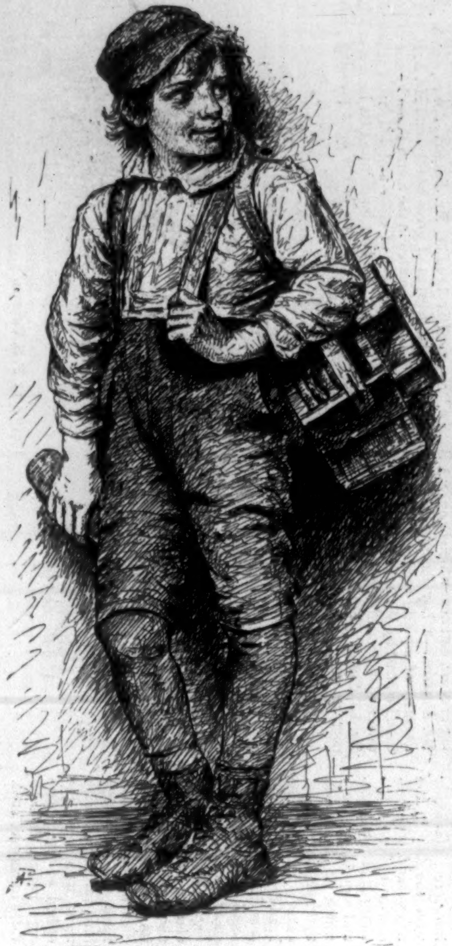
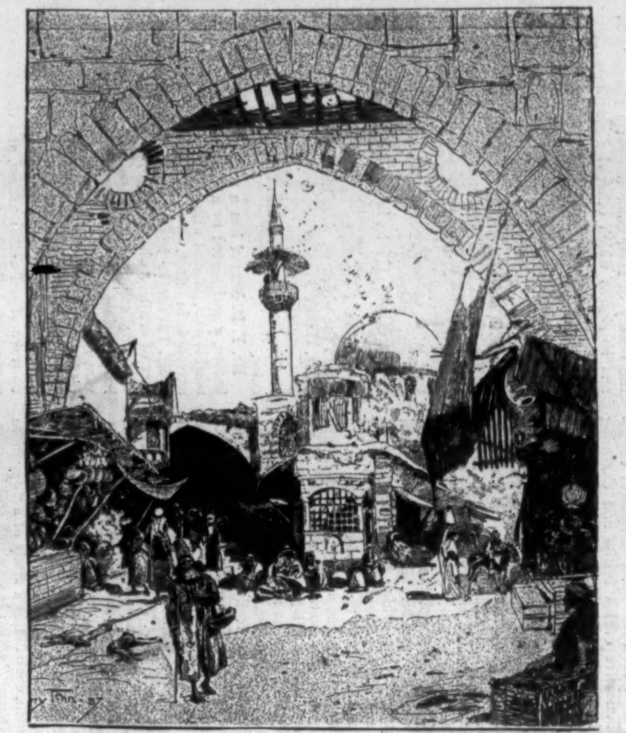
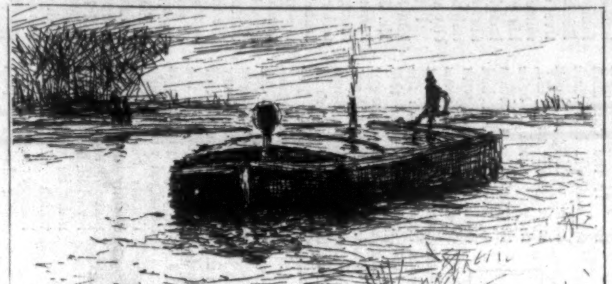


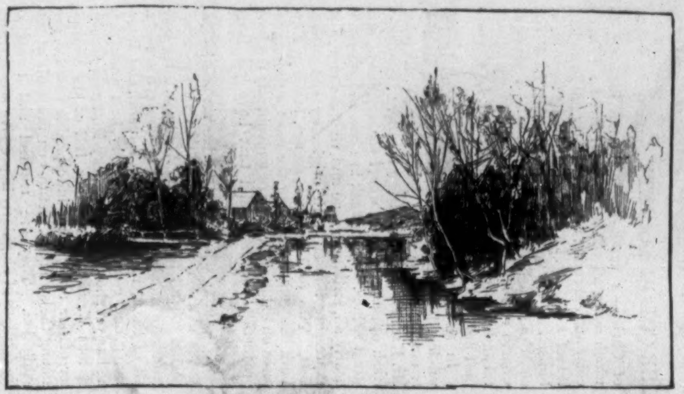
WANTS TO SHINE.—J. G. BROWN.



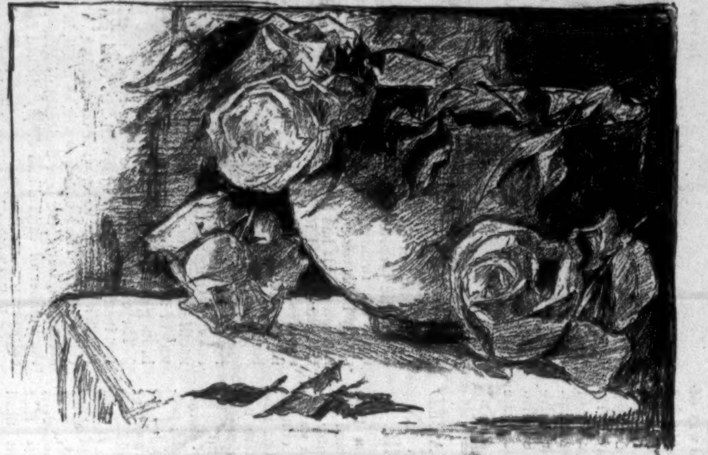
THE GREEN MOSQUE.—HARRY FENN.



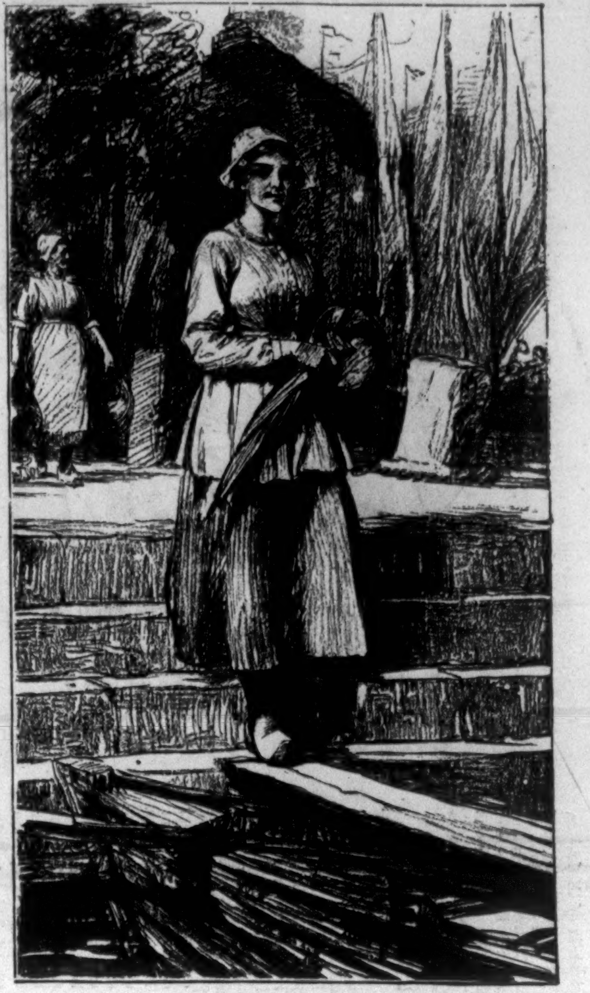
AUTUMN EVENING.—GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.



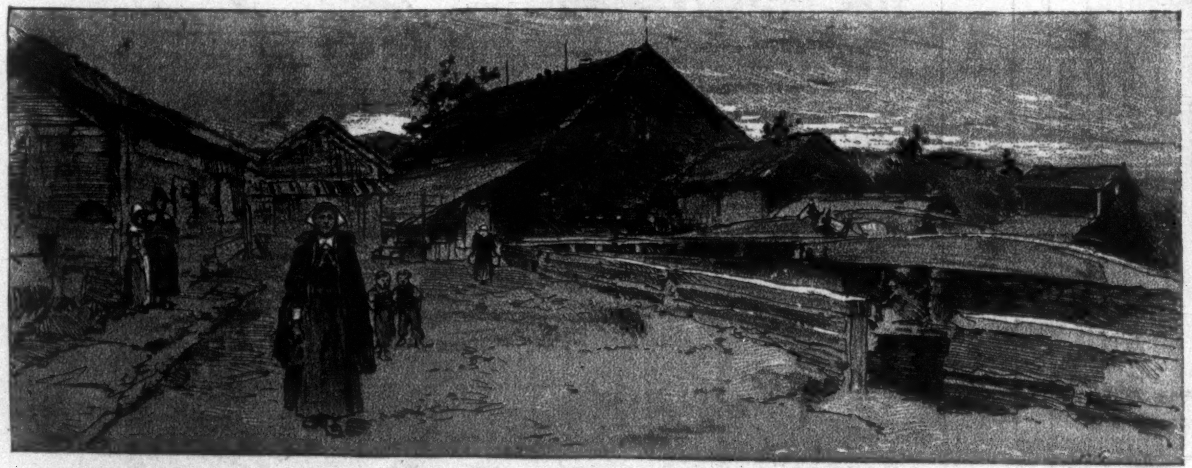
WHITE BIRCHES.—R. W. VAN BOSKERCK.



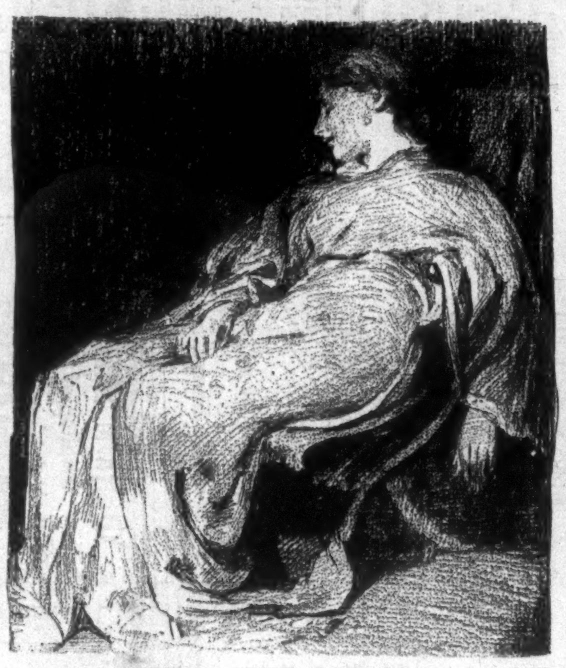
ROSES.—MATILDA BROWN.



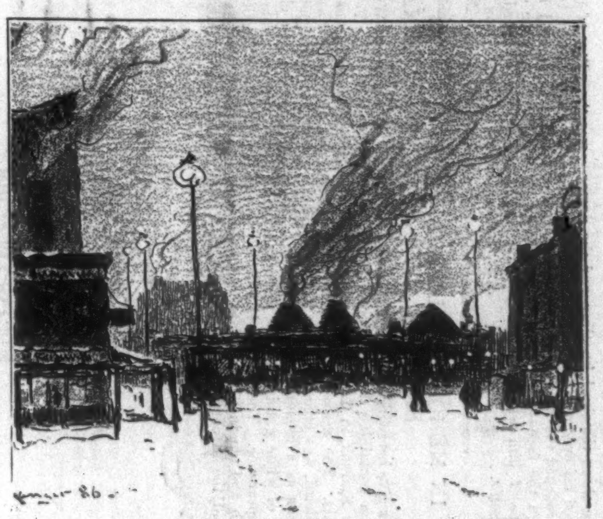
AT THE FERRY.—C. Y. TURNER.



THE SCARLET LETTER.—RHODA HOLMES NICHOLLS.

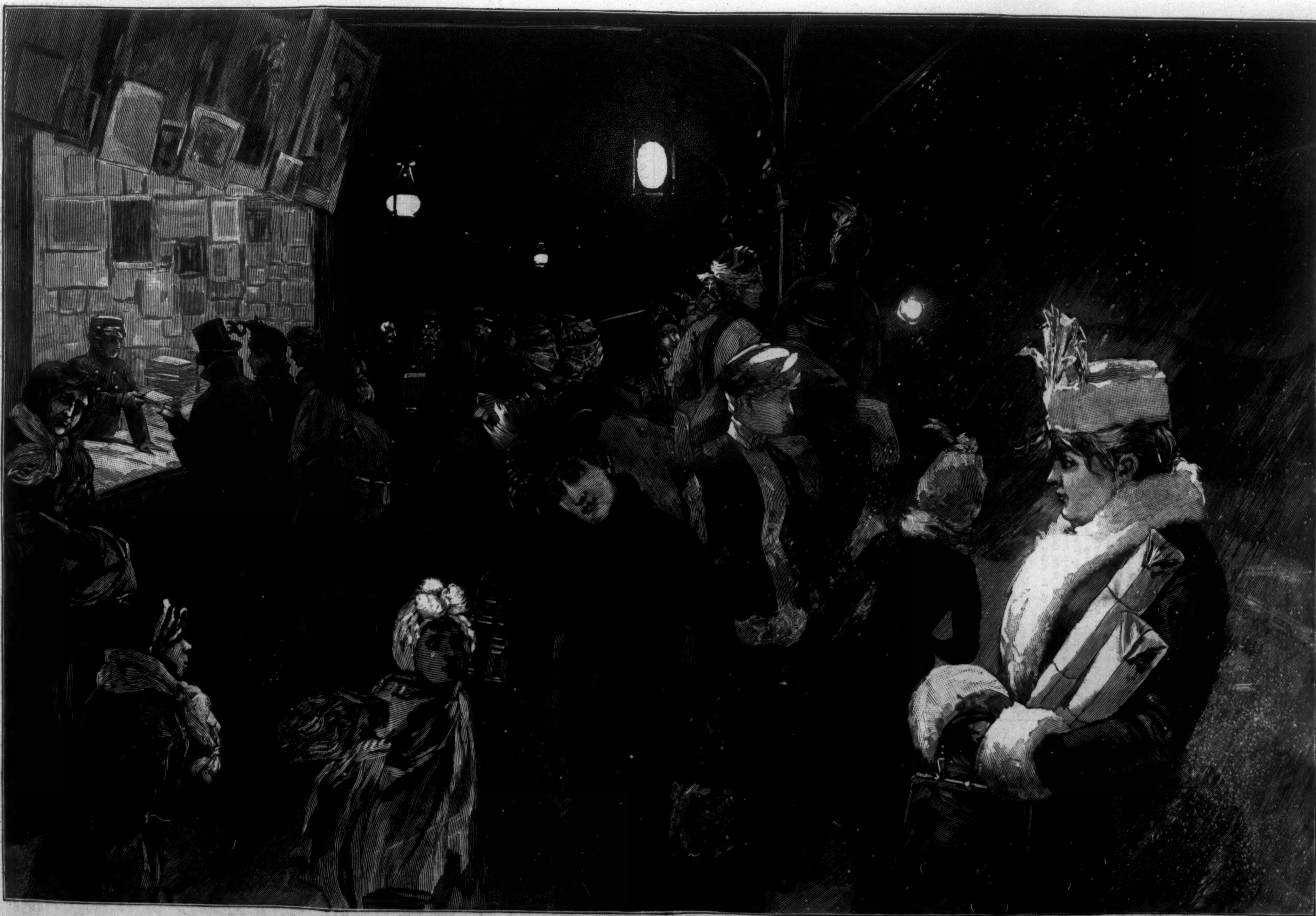


SLEEP.—A STUDY.—JOHN LA FARGE.



EARLY MORNING AT GANSEVOORT MARKET.—H. W. RANGER.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.—[SEE PAGE 99.]



A BITTER NIGHT AT AN ELEVATED RAILROAD STATION.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder from a Sketch by F. Ray.—[See Page 99.]

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

Long ago, long ago, in this valley of woe,
  The white mists were silver, the sunshine was gold;
Long ago, long ago, every dew-drop aglow
  Was the purest of diamonds of value untold.

Long ago, long ago, every floweret low
  Looked out from the grass like a star from the sky;
Long ago, long ago, every streamlet aflow
  In a volume of perfectest crystal went by.

Now the silvery mist is water, I wis,
  To which the grand power to climb upward is given;
The sunshine of gold is a wave of light rolled
  On the earth through the open portal of heaven.

The dew in the grass now shineth, alas!
  In my altered eyes like an angel's tear;
And the deep waters roll, the type of a soul,
  Right on to the sea of eternity near.

The flowers in the grass, they die, and they pass
  From life unto life, as to us it is given;
The mist and the dew, stream, flower, and light too,
  Like souls, are sent down but to climb back to
    heaven.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

INVALUABLE AS A TONIC.

Dr. J. L. Pratt, Greenfield, Ill., says: "It is all that it claims to be—invaluable as a tonic in any case where an acid tone is indicated."—[*Adv.*]

FOR BRONCHIAL, ASTHMATIC,

And Pulmonary Complaints, and Coughs,

Brown's Bronchial Troches have remarkable curative properties. *"I have recommended their use for eleven years on their own merits, and a personal use of them has demonstrated their efficacy."*—E. H. Bowne, M.D., Rocky Hill, N. J. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cents. —[*Adv.*]

PROF. DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"You have demonstrated that a Perfectly *pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."*

Chas. S. Higgins' "La Belle" Bouquet Toilet Soap Being made from choicest stock, with a *large percentage* of Glycerine, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath, and Infants.—[*Adv.*]

(*From the "N. Y. Tribune."*)

AMERICAN INSTITUTE AWARD.

The American Institute Fair has awarded the medal of superiority to the H. E. Pratt Paper Co., of this city, for their *Chadwick Copying-Book*.—[*Adv.*]

Farms on James River, Va., for ten dollars a month. Send for illustrated circulars and maps. J. F. Mancha, Claremont, Va.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa,* from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Lactated Food

The Physician's Favorite

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

Leading Physicians of all Schools and sections voluntarily testify to its superior merit as

The Most NOURISHING, Most PALATABLE, Most ECONOMICAL, of all Prepared Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for $1.00.

EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists, 25c., 50c., $1.00.

☞ A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids" sent free on application.

Wells, Richardson, & Co., Burlington, Vt.

BABY'S

SKIN & SCALP
CLEANSED
PURIFIED
AND BEAUTIFIED
BY
CUTICURA.

For cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the Cuticura Remedies are infallible.

Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, internally, invariably succeed when all other remedies and the best physicians fail.

Cuticura Remedies are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers, free from poisonous ingredients.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

INJUSTICE CORRECTED.

Convincing Verification of Widecast Public Statements.

From the Philadelphia Call.

In common with many publishers and editors, we have been accustomed to look upon certain statements which we have seen in our columns as merely adroit advertising.

Consequently we feel justified in taking the liberty of printing a few points from a private letter recently received from one of our largest patrons, as a sort of confession of faith to our readers. We quote:

"We have convinced ourselves that by telling what we know to be true, we have produced at last a *permanent conviction* in the public mind. Seven years ago we stated what the national disease of this country was, and that it was rapidly *increasing*. Three years ago we stated that a *marked check* had been given it.

"The statistics of one of the largest life insurance companies of this country show that in 1883 and 1884 the mortality from kidney disorders *did not increase* over the previous years: other companies stated the same thing. It is not presumptuous for us to claim *credit for checking* these ravages.

"Seven years ago we stated that the condition of the kidneys was the key to the condition of health; within the past five years *all careful life insurance* companies have conceded the truth of this statement, for, whereas ten years ago chemical analysis to determine the condition of the kidneys was not required, to-day *millions of dollars in risks are refused*, because chemical examination discovers *unsuspected* diseases of the kidneys.

"Seven years ago we stated that the ravages of Bright's Disease were insignificant compared with other unsuspected disorders of the kidneys of many misleading names; that ninety-three per cent. of human ailments are attributable to deranged kidneys, which fills the blood with uric acid, or kidney poison, which causes these many fatal diseases.

"The kidney poison is the real cause of the majority of cases of paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, convulsions, pneumonia, consumption, and insanity; over *half* the victims of consumption are first the victims of diseased kidneys.

"When the recent death of an honored ex-official of the United States was announced, his physician said that although he was suffering from Bright's Disease, that was *not the cause* of death. He was not frank enough to admit that the apoplexy which overtook him in his bed was the fatal effect of the kidney poison in the blood, which had eaten away the substance of the arteries and brain; nor was Logan's physician honest enough to state that his fatal rheumatism was caused by kidney acid in the blood.

"If the doctors would state in official reports the *original* cause of death, the people of this country would be alarmed, yea, nearly *panic-stricken*, at the fearful mortality from kidney disorders."

The writers of the above letter give these facts to the public simply to *justify the claims that they have made*, that "if the kidneys and liver are kept in a healthy condition by the use of Warner's Safe Cure, which hundreds of thousands have proved to be a specific, when all other remedies failed, and that has received the endorsement of the highest medical talent in Europe, Australasia, and America, many a life would be prolonged, and the happiness of the people preserved. It is successful with so many *different* diseases because it, and it *alone*, can remove kidney poison from the blood through the kidneys."

Our readers are familiar with the preparation named.

Commendation thereof has often appeared in our columns.

We believe it to be one of the best, if not *the* best, ever manufactured. We know the proprietors are men of character and influence.

We are certain they have awakened a widespread interest in the public mind concerning the importance of the kidneys. We believe with them that they are the key to health, and that for their restoration from disease and maintenance in health, there is nothing equal to this great remedy.

The proprietors say they "do not glory in this universal prevalence of disease, but having started out with the purpose of spreading the merits of Warner's Safe Cure before the world, because it *cured our senior proprietor, who was given up by doctors as incurable*, we feel it our duty to state the facts and leave the public to its own inferences. We point to our *claims*, and to their *public and universal verification* with pride, and if the public does not believe what we say, we tell them to ask their friends and neighbors what they think about our preparations."

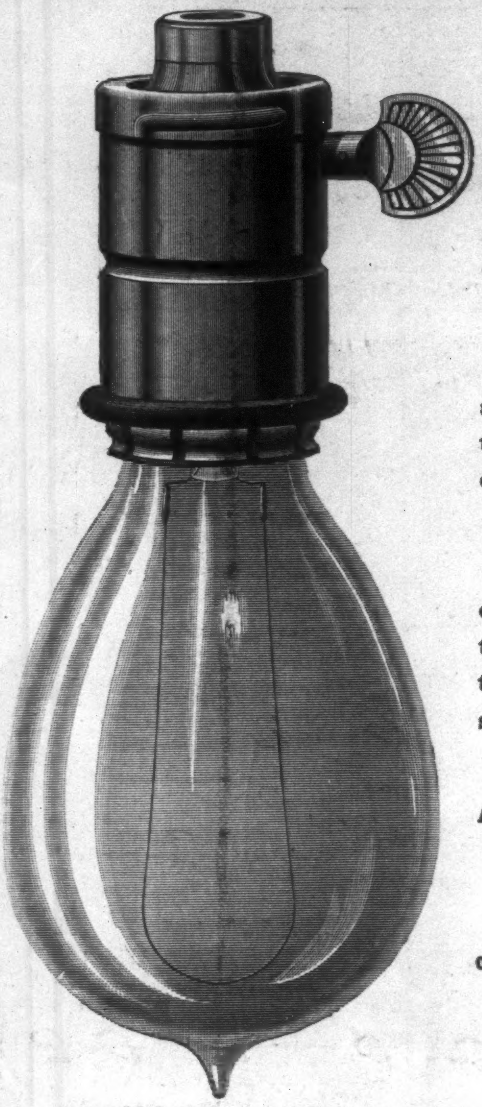
As stated above, we most cordially commend the perusal of this correspondence by our readers, believing that in so doing we are fulfilling a simple public obligation.

LEGS & ARMS,
(ARTIFICIAL)
WITH RUBBER HANDS AND FEET.
The Most Natural, Comfortable & Durable,
Thousands in Daily Use.
New Patents & Important Improvements.
U. S. Gov't Manufacturer.
Ill. Pamphlet of 160 Pages SENT FREE.
A. A. MARKS,
701 Broadway, New York City.

ESSEX TUBE COLORS

FINEST IN THE WORLD.
PRICES FURNISHED BY THE MANUFACTURERS.
Essex Paint Works, Essex, Ct., U.S.A.

THE WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC COMPANY



16 Candle-power Lamp.

OF

PITTSBURGH,

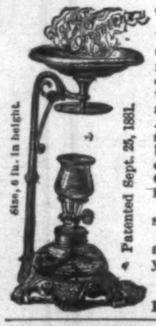
Manufacturers of Isolated Incandescent Plants, and Contractors for Central Stations.

It is believed that the advantages of our System place us beyond competition.

Capital investing for dividends will do well to close no contracts until our proposals are considered.

Address
THE WESTINGHOUSE
ELECTRIC CO.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.,
or
WESTINGHOUSE,
CHURCH, KERR, & CO.,
17 Cortlandt Street,
New York.

WHOOPING-COUGH CURED


Size, 6 in. in height.
Patented Sept. 25, 1881.

Or Prevented by Page's Vaporizer and Cresolene.

We have abundant testimony that Cresolene vaporized in a closed room is an almost infallible remedy for **Whooping-Cough,** for which distressing malady no other assured remedy is known to us. A cure usually effected in five or six days, at a trifling expense and but very little trouble. It is also exceedingly efficient in Asthma, Croup, Catarrh, Diphtheria, Influenza, and Scarlet Fever.

It is a safeguard against the spread of contagion.

Vaporizer complete, including a bottle of Cresolene, $1.50. Ask your druggist for it.

W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS,
170-172 William St., New York.

THE GENUINE

JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.

THE FAVORITE
TONIC and NUTRIENT,
recommended by Physicians since 1847, for
DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, NURSING MOTHERS and LUNG troubles.
The *genuine* has the signature of
JOHANN HOFF AND MORITZ EISNER
on the neck of every bottle.
EISNER & MENDELSON CO., PHILA.
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U. S.
New York Depot, 11 Barclay St.

FLORIDA.—**SEVILLE,** on the high pine ridge, a district unexcelled for fruit and vegetables, with delightful climate, is a fast-mail station on the **North and South Railway Trunk Line,** 80 miles south of Jacksonville, and has a complete system of water works and sewerage. An excellent hotel is now open. Lots for sale on reasonable terms. Address **SEVILLE CO., Seville, Fla.**
MASON YOUNG, President, 35 Wall St., N. Y.
R. H. MASON, Sec'y and Treas., Seville, Fla.

ESTABLISHED 1801.

Barry's Tricopherous

FOR THE HAIR.

No composition yet discovered for the growth and beauty of the Hair has met with such signal success as Barry's Tricopherous. It is universally used throughout the world, and all speak in praise of its great worth. It is very pleasant to use, and gives the Hair a peculiarly rich gloss, entirely preventing baldness.

REGISTERED **"SANITAS"** TRADE-MARK.

Nature's Disinfectant.

THE PINE FOREST AT HOME,

Should be in Every Household.

100,000 LIVES

ANNUALLY LOST IN THE UNITED STATES,

from Scarlet Fever, Small-Pox, Malaria, Dysentery, Enteric Fever, Measles, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough, and Diarrhœa, can be saved by the regular use in every household of

"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT,

which is colorless, non-poisonous, does not stain linen, and is fragrant.

"Actuated by the same impulse which makes us turn our faces towards a fresh breeze" we "grasp a bottle of '**Sanitas**' in a sick-room."
—Annie Thomas in "Eyre of Blendon."

"SANITAS" FLUID, OIL, POWDER, SOAPS, &c.

40 Cents each Preparation.

To be had of all Druggists, and of the

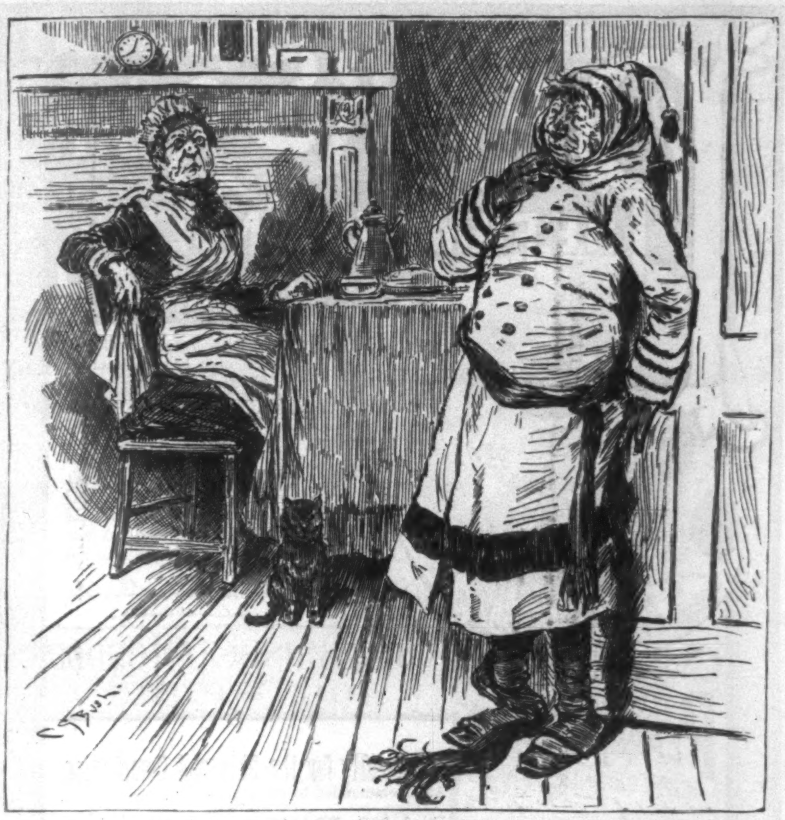
American & Continental "Sanitas" Co.,
(Limited)
636-642 West 55th Street, N. Y.

"**BOKER'S BITTERS,**" THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P.O. Box 1029.**

DYSPEPSIA Its Nature, Causes, Prevention and Cure, being the experience of an actual sufferer, by John H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass., 14 years Tax Collector. Sent free to any address.

"HOME EXERCISER" *for Brain-Workers and Sedentary People.* Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Home Schools for Physical Culture," 16 East 14th St. and 713 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. Dowd. Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to Get Strong," says of it: "I never saw any other I liked half as well."

PROF. D. L. DOWD'S SCHOOLS OF SCIENTIFIC PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR GENTLEMEN, LADIES, AND CHILDREN, 16 East 14th St. and 713 5th Ave., N.Y. Special attention is given to weaknesses and curvatures; also, to producing a sound, healthy body. One of the many to whom we can refer is Mr Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to Get Strong." Send for circular of schools and references.

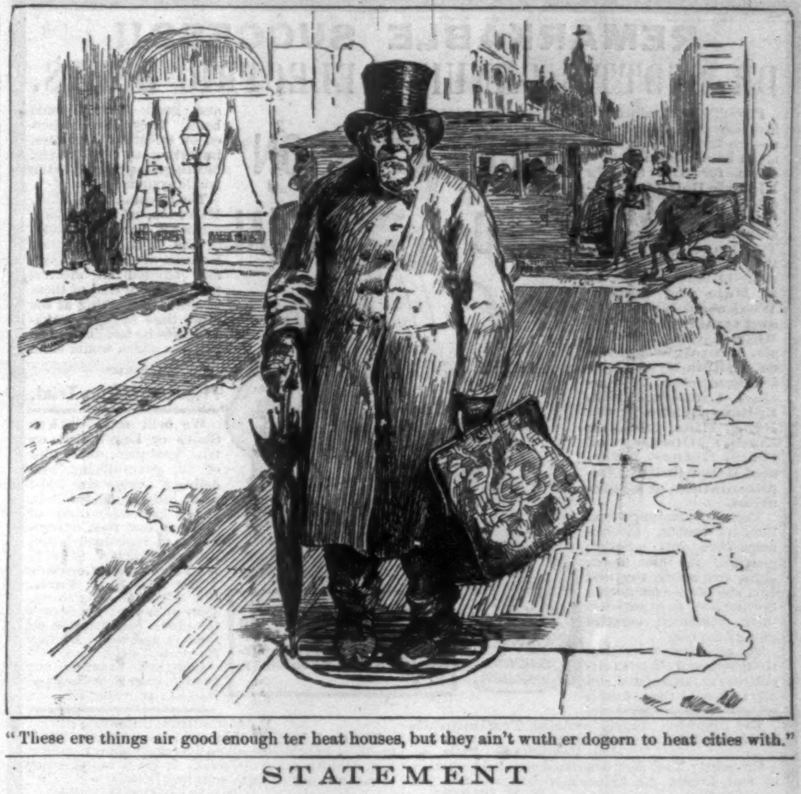


BOGGIN'S.

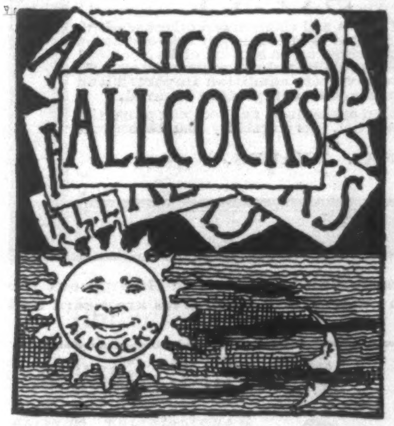
"Mr. Jones, where have you been, sir, and in such a rig as that?"

"To-to-to-boggin's," stuttered Jones.

"To Boggin's, eh? Well, you'd better keep away from Boggin's. I have no doubt he is the man who took you to those horrid 'Patriot' and French balls."



"These ere things air good enough ter heat houses, but they ain't wuth er dogorn to heat cities with."



ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are invaluable in cases of spinal weakness, rheumatism, sciatica, kidney, and pulmonary difficulties, liver complaint, dyspepsia, malaria, colds, coughs, strains, and all local pains.

Ask for ALLCOCK'S and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Finest and cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Annual Sale, 8,000,000 jars.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable tonic. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," &c. Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. The title "Baron Liebig" and photograph having been largely used by dealers with no connection with Baron Liebig, the public are informed that the Liebig Company alone can offer the article with Baron Liebig's guarantee of genuineness.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by JAMES P. SMITH, PARK & TILFORD, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, THURBER, WHYLAND, & CO., FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO., CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

THE NEW DEPARTURE DRUMS

THE NEW DEPARTURE DRUM

are made with patent double acting rods and folding knee rest. Light, substantial and handsome. Used in the best Bands and Orchestras. Unequaled for tone, surpass all others in finish and appearance. If nearest Music dealer does not keep them, write to us for Illustrated Catalogue.

LYON & HEALY, Chicago, Ill.

MARVELLOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.
Wholly unlike Artificial Systems—Cure of Mind Wandering—Any book learned in one reading. Prospectus, with opinions of Mr. PROCTOR, the Astronomer, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, DRS. VALENTINE, SMITH, and others, sent post FREE, by **PROF. LOISETTE,**
237 Fifth Avenue, New York.

INDEPENDENT LABOR, $5 to $10 a Day
And subject to no man's shop-bell. Full particulars *free.*
S. M. SPENCER, 112 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Arnold Constable & Co

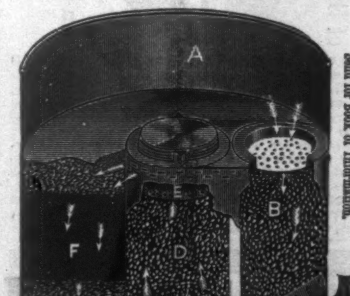
LINENS

30 Per Cent. Below Regular Prices.

The Balance of our Large Purchase
8-4 LINEN DAMASKS,
DAMASK CLOTHS,
DAMASK NAPKINS,
TOWELLINGS, &c.

Broadway & 19th st.

Jewett's New Water Filter.



A GREAT INVENTION!
Send for Book of Information.

THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS!
For Reading Clubs, for Amateur Theatricals, Temperance Plays, Drawing-Room Plays, Fairy Plays, Ethiopian Plays, Guide Books, Speakers, Pantomimes, Tableux Lights, Magnesium Lights, Colored Fire, Burnt Cork, Theatrical Face Preparations, Jarley's Wax Works, Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, Costumes, Charades and Paper Scenery. New Catalogues sent
FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE!
Containing many novelties, full description and prices.
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,
38 E. 14th St., New York.

DEAFNESS Its causes, and a new and successful CURE at your own home, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. *Cured himself* in three months, and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application.
T. S. PAGE, No. 41 West 31st St., New York City.

DRAWSTRAWS to see who gets the WATCH. Clubs of ten, thirty cents a week from each member. Watch free to the one who gets up the club. In ten weeks all get watches. Mention this paper and write to S. C. PATTERSON, 177 Broadway, New York.

STATEMENT
OF
The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York,
RICHARD A. McCURDY President.
For the year ending December 31st, 1886.
ASSETS..................$114,181,963.24.

Insurance and Annuity Account.

	No.	Amount.		No.	Amount.
Policies and Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1886 ...	120,952	$368,981,441 36	Policies and Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1887 ...	129,927	$393,809,202 88
Risks Assumed	18,673	56,832,718 92	Risks Terminated	9,698	32,004,957 40
	139,625	$425,814,160 28		139,625	$425,814,160 28

Dr. Revenue Account. *Cr.*

To Balance from last account....	$99,865,644 11
" Premiums	15,634,720 66
" Interest and Rents	5,502,456 01
	$121,002,820 78

By Paid to Policy-Holders:		
Endowments & Purchased Insurances	$4,908,729 61	
Dividends & Annuities	2,727,454 13	
Deceased Lives.....	5,492,920 00	
		$13,129,103 74
" Other Disbursements:		
Commissions and Commutations	$1,732,632 83	
Taxes......	277,169 85	
Expenses...........	1,091,613 91	
		3,101,416 59
" Premium on Stocks and Bonds Purchased........		52,566 14
" Balance to new account......		104,719,734 31
		$121,002,820 78

Dr. Balance Sheet. *Cr.*

To Reserve for policies in force and for risks terminated...	$108,460,120 25
" Premiums received in advance	78,274 84
" Surplus at four per cent......	5,643,568 15
	$114,181,963 24

By Bonds Secured by Mortgages on Real Estate	$50,118,949 66
" United States and other Bonds..	42,071,641 00
" Loans on Collaterals..........	6,172,917 25
" Real Estate..........	10,591,286 32
" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest..........	2,306,203 08
" Interest accrued	1,166,870 65
" Premiums deferred and in transit..........	1,565,117 28
" Sundries..........	188,978 00
	$114,181,963 24

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.
A. N. WATERHOUSE, *Auditor*.

From the Surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

NEW YORK, January 26, 1887.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

SAMUEL E. SPROULLS,
LUCIUS ROBINSON,
SAMUEL D. BABCOCK,
GEORGE S. COE,
JOHN E. DEVELIN,
SEYMOUR L. HUSTED,
RICHARD A. McCURDY,
JAMES C. HOLDEN,
HERMANN C. VON POST,
ALEXANDER H. RICE,
F. RATCHFORD STARR,
FREDERICK H. COSSITT,
LEWIS MAY,
OLIVER HARRIMAN,
HENRY W. SMITH,
JOHN H. SHERWOOD,
ROBERT OLYPHANT,
GEORGE F. BAKER,
JOS. THOMPSON,
DUDLEY OLCOTT,
FREDERIC CROMWELL,
JULIEN T. DAVIES,
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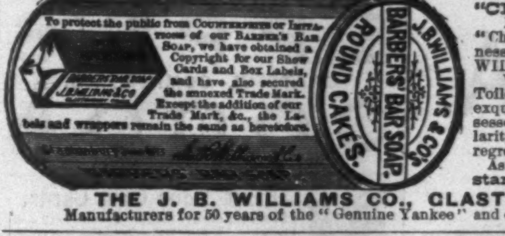
CHARLES R. HENDERSON,
GEORGE BLISS,
RUFUS W. PECKHAM,
J. HOBART HERRICK,
WM. P. DIXON,
ROBERT A. GRANNISS,
NICHOLAS C. MILLER,
HENRY H. ROGERS,
JNO. W. AUCHINCLOSS,
B. W. VAN VOORHIS,
THEODORE MORFORD,
WILLIAM BABCOCK.

A SAD SIGHT



To protect the public from COUNTERFEITS or IMITATIONS of our BARBER'S BAR SOAP, we have obtained a Copyright for our Show Cards and Box Labels, and have also secured the annexed Trade Mark. Except the addition of our Trade Mark, &c., the Labels and wrappers remain the same as heretofore.

Children or adults suffering with "CHAPPED HANDS."

Many years experience has proved that "Chapping of the Hands" and all roughness of the skin is prevented by using WILLIAMS' BARBERS' BAR SOAP.

While not originally designed for the Toilet, its great purity, and the healing and exquisite emollient properties which it possesses, have given this article a wide popularity as a TOILET SOAP. You will never regret trying it.

Ask your Druggist for it or send 2 cent stamp for trial sample.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN.
Manufacturers for 50 years of the "Genuine Yankee" and other celebrated Shaving Soaps.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

PLAYS Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for School, Club, & Parlor. Best out. Catalogue free. T. S. Denison, Chicago.

THE NEW SOUTH.
Good Investments in Real Estate in and near Richmond, Va. Write for list. H. L. STAPLES, Richmond, Va.

NEW CARDS, 40 Samples and AGENT'S Canvassing Outfit for 2c. stamp. CARD WORKS, Northford, Conn.